

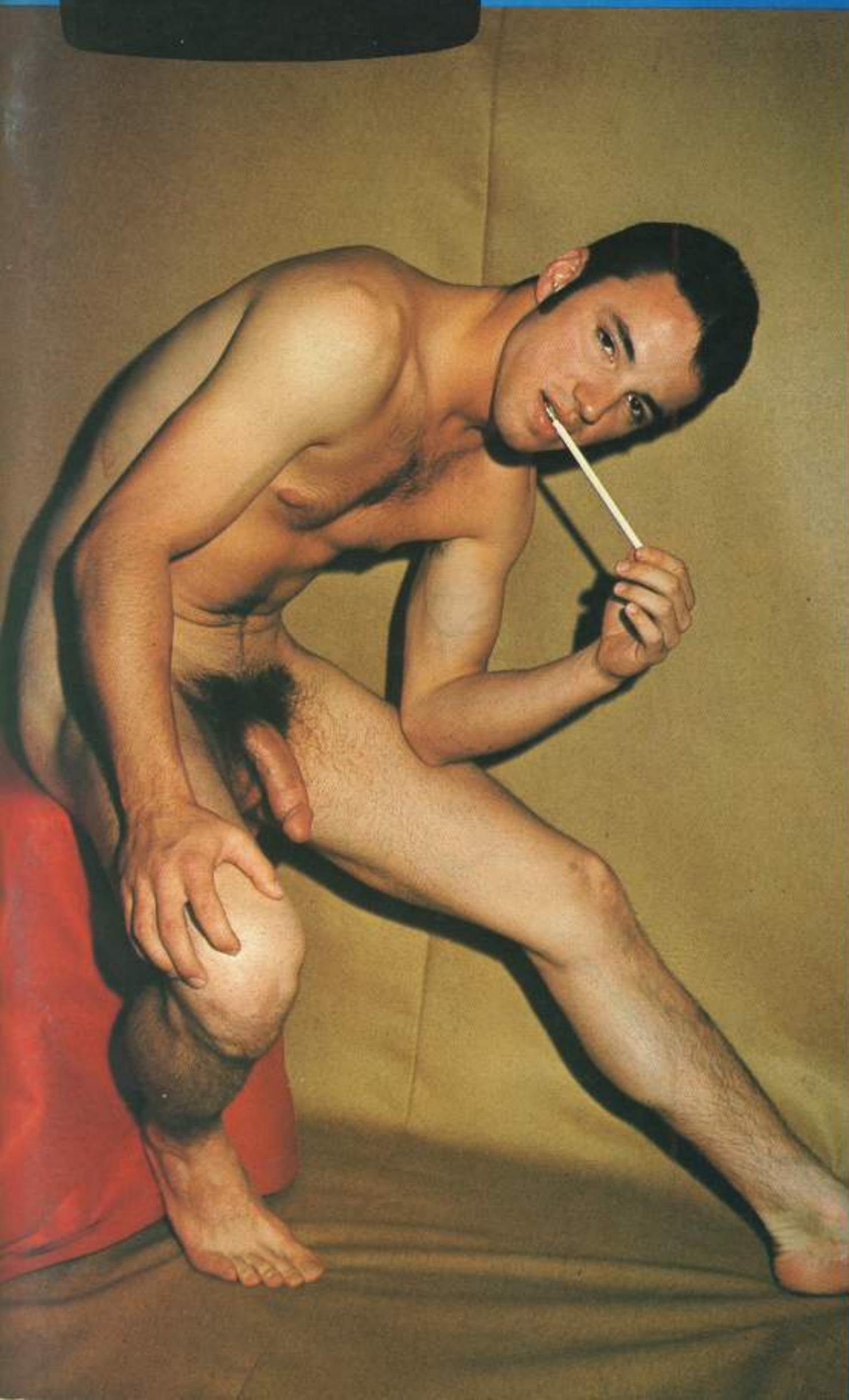


ADULTS ONLY

FROM

Baskin's BASKET

SIX DOLLARS



an
ILLUSTRATED
COLLECTION
of
GAY
Short Stories

by
the well-known
Author

Harold Baskin



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Cover Photo of Jim Kepner by Spencer.

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INTRODUCTION

I first met "Harold Baskin", some ten years ago, after an annual symposium put on by ONE Incorporated. Those attending had retired, at Harold's suggestion, to Drossi's, a small Russian restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, favored by many Gays. The rotund and vivacious Drossi, before her partner, Tracy's death, had served at former locations, several banquets to the early Mattachine Society, and I had seen, but not been to her new restaurant. So I had my first taste of her Chicken Kiev, while I got acquainted with Harold, who was then a clothing designer, and working in arranging a trade ball.

I was planning a new Gay magazine which would aim, without tediousness, to explore the full gamut of Gay-life (not just the problems of police and law reform), without overlooking those interests which many Gays had in other aspects of life: the arts, religion, mysticism, hobbies, sports, nature, reading, whatever. Harold was interested in the idea, and volunteered to help---it was to be a magazine for Gays, about Gay life, not just about its problems, but about its joys, as well.

Since he worked in the fashion industry, and I had heard all the gossip about that particular industry being dominated by Gays, I suggested he do a column.

The idea didn't seem to jell, and he didn't seem to feel that he had any writing talent, so he helped with shuffling file cards, sealing envelopes, and similar clerical tasks which didn't involve typing.

So I catalogued him as a nice guy, who was neither a writer, nor an artist, but someone to go to movies with occasionally, or to dinner, an enjoyable conversationalist---but not a writer. So, then came the ADVOCATE, a paper I edited briefly, and badly, before it took its present name (it was originally PRIDE NEWSLETTER), and Harold, who had been active in PRIDE, L. A.'s first Gay militant organization, soon was doing very fine film and theatre reviews, even a good cover drawing.

As a reviewer, he didn't get on well with the ADVOCATE's narrow editor. Harold was into the new-wave consciousness, even before such shows as HAIR came along. I was converted by HAIR. Harold was already there. (I, for example, hadn't much cared for Fellini's 8 1/2 until the second time I saw it). But when he laid out the new Rock Musical beautifully for the readers, and the ADVOCATE's editor later walked out on the performance, calling it insulting trash, Harold's days at the paper were numbered. It also didn't help that all his manuscripts came in a bit past

deadline (mine often did too)---and, handwritten, so that someone else had to be given the job of typing them.

Handwriting has the unhappy effect on most readers used to the typewriter, of looking unfinished, as if the writer hasn't taken pains, and, for awhile, partly because I often had the job of retyping his manuscripts, I continued to feel that Harold was not a very good writer---and by allowing myself the occasional luxury of changing a word or two, I thought I was improving his style.

It came as a shock when it finally sunk in on me, that he was quite a competent writer---pencilled scrawl, notwithstanding. And that he had a much better dramatic sense than I did, when it came to judging films or plays.

When I began getting assignments to do Gay sex stories, and sometimes the assignments came in faster than I could handle them, I was asked if I knew anyone else....Harold was the first suggestion, though I must say I tried for some weeks to hog the field myself. Now it usually happens in a photo session, that more photographs are made than will be used in a given magazine, so additional shots will be used later in another book---same models, same setting, almost identical scenario, varying maybe, in who gets into what position first, or whether the sex is all the way in or what they call "simulated". (The hotter magazines

can't be sold in certain outlets, while the less hot ones won't sell in others. And a court decision a few weeks before release date may affect how far the publisher wants to go.)

Anyhow, it wasn't long before I was asked to write stories about sessions which Harold had already written up, and often I tried to dovetail my story into his, even though they were appearing in different magazines. If he wrote from the blond's viewpoint, I would retell the same incident from the viewpoint of the brunette, maybe giving the story a reverse twist at the end.

I was slavish most of this time to the action depicted in the photos, maybe using a flash-back, leading one of the characters up to the instant scene, but spending most of my time describing how the guys got from position A to position B. Harold quickly cut loose from that. Most often the whole scenario illustrated in the pictures would be only what came at the end of his long build-up, a play in which the pictures told the final act, and Harold told the second act.

But accidents sometimes happened. Even with the greatest care on the writer's part, pictures sometimes got shuffled, and the readers would find a story that was simply inconsistent with the story. One can take that as a bonus---getting two separate stories for the price of one.

Jim Kempner



Hollywood Sendoff

I was a little miffed, when I found this story in a book for which I had written one long story, and one I liked very much, "Boys In The Bed." I had written a bit longer than my assignment, and had to pare it down, only to have the layout man discover later that he did need more print, and, since I wasn't available that weekend, Harold was contacted to fill in with a short. I was annoyed, but cooled off, after reading Harold's little addition....

I had won the top acting awards all the way through high school, and my folks knew that



my ambition was to go to Hollywood, and try to make it in the movies or television. On graduation day, they told me they would support me for a year in Hollywood, if I'd promise that, if I got nowhere in that year, I'd return home and go to college. With parents like that, I almost hated to leave. And, there was my best buddy, Whitey.

Something strangely special bound me to Whitey. From the first day I met him, three years ago, I called him my "best friend". There was a closeness between us that I never felt with anyone else. And now I had to say goodbye.

I really had mixed emotions when I went over to his house that last night before leaving.

I ran right up to his bedroom, and burst into his room. He obviously hadn't heard me coming, because he was lying in bed, stark naked, jacking off. His other hand was fondling a thick, silver-studded black leather belt, which he dropped to the floor when he saw me. A look of fear came over his face which, somehow, seemed more connected to the belt, than with me catching him jacking off. His cringing filled me with a feeling of mastery, and I knew that Whitey would do anything I told him to do.

I had never had sex before, never even seen anyone's hard-on, but my own, and didn't even know it was possible for two guys to have sex together; but now I realized what that special feeling between us was. It was love, and sexuality combined.

Whitey was kneeling in the center of the bed, holding the sheet over his crotch. He stared, wide-eyed, at me as I stripped and knelt on the bed next to him.



I pulled the sheet off him, which made his hard-on bounce up against his belly with a loud thump. I was overwhelmed by the desire to feel his beautiful, huge prick. My hand closed over that velvet-covered steel rod, and I knew that this was what I was searching for all my life. When I felt his hand on my cock, I threw my arm around his neck and, for the first time in my life, I kissed a boy.

I don't know how long that kiss lasted, but I got dizzy and we toppled over onto the pillows, but neither of us released the other's cock. I wanted a closer examination of his wonderful tool, so I leaned over him, and, as I got closer, I wanted to kiss it. I did, and then I touched it with my tongue. I ran my tongue down to the balls, and up again, and repeated that many times. I had the crazy notion of sticking that cock in my mouth, and sucking it like a lollipop. It wasn't easy to fit it all in, but after wetting it enough the



first few times, and stretching my mouth and throat, I went all the way down to his bush of hair, and back to the tip, over and over, faster and faster. His legs were spread wide, and his hips were thrashing wildly, when he suddenly jumped up, pushed me onto my back, and he started sucking on my dick while jacking himself off.

I didn't think that was fair, so I scooted my body around so that my head was between his legs, grabbed his huge dong out of his hand and shoved it all the way down my throat. I thought I had invented a new position.

Looking up over his balls, I could see the crack of his ass, as it opened and closed with his thrusting hip movements. And, when it opened, there, for the first time in my life, I was seeing an ass-hole. What I always thought would be dirty looking, was clean, the same golden tan, as the rest of his body, and the puckers seemed to loosen and tighten in rhythm with his thrusts. I made a mental note to investigate further.

But my attention was drawn back to the cock in my mouth, which suddenly expanded in throbs, and I realized that Whitey was shooting his load. I hadn't thought about that before, and there was no time now for thought, because it triggered me off, and I was doing the same in





my cheeks, and then zeroed in on my hole. His fingers going around and around my puckered ring, were getting me hot all over again. My ass-hole was as sensitive as my cock, and my cock got hard immediately. Whitey's hand started pumping my bat, as I felt something wet and slimy circling my hole. Since I could see him jacking himself off with his other hand, there could be nothing else on my ass-hole, but his tongue. The tip was making smaller and smaller circles, until it was dead center, and then he shoved. I almost flipped my gourd when that tongue entered. It sent chills up my spine. He must have been at least two inches inside my ass, and then he started pumping it, in and out, and in circular motions that were driving me fruit.

"Farther, push it in farther," I gasped. He pulled his tongue out, and stood up, to get better leverage, I thought. But he had an-

other surprise in store for me. I thought he was trying to shove a door-knob up my ass, but he had both hands on my hips. That could mean only one thing, the cock I fell in love with, wanted in, and I was going to do my damndest to help. When I squeezed, it hurt, so I relaxed, and prayed that he'd go slowly. And he did. It was like a slow-motion movie. Whitey just leaned forward, and let his weight sink it in, in one long, slow movement. His gentleness removed my fears of pain, and it didn't hurt a bit. The feeling of being so stuffed full of someone I cared for, flooded me, with a sensation I could only describe as love.

When his balls hit mine, I knew he had hit home. He withdrew, and came back in again and again, gradually increasing the speed. It's impossible to describe the sensation, I only knew I wanted more.



Whitey's throat. I felt like I was shooting a quart of cum into Whitey, and he had done the same to me. His cock felt so good in my mouth, I didn't want to take it out immediately, so, hoping it couldn't harm me, I just swallowed the cum, and, from the pressure on my cock, and the gulping sounds, Whitey had evidently come to the same conclusion.

We relaxed, or I should say, collapsed, for a while with our arms around each other, when I told Whitey about my amazing "Ass-hole Discovery".

He said, "I've never seen one either. Lemme see yours, please, please?"

I laughed, and in one leap landed on my knees at the edge of the bed. I stuck my butt up as high as I could get it. Between my legs, I could see Whitey squat on the floor behind me. He brushed his fingers lightly over





"Faster, harder, shove that thing like you really mean it." He must have passed the speed of sound, because I was rocked by a sonic blast. I could feel jets of his cum squirting in my rectum, and I was nearing my own blast-off when he slipped out, and fell on the bed, his monster cock still shooting geysers up onto his shoulders. I flopped down beside him, with my bat sticking straight up, and throbbing, I was that close to coming. I figured it would be awhile before Whitey recovered, but he wiped a handful of cum from his shoulders, smeared it into his ass-hole, took

a fast suck on my cock, jumped up and straddled me, caught the tip of my cock between his ass-cheeks, squirmed around until it found the entrance to his hole, and then, splat! With one fast shove, he was all the way down to my balls---and I had started coming when he was only half-way down. He raised his ass up and down wildly about five times, and then lost his balance and fell completely off the bed.

As he lay on the floor laughing, between gasps, I wallowed in a feeling of luxury I'd never felt before. I stretched, arched my back, spread my legs as wide as I could

and squeezed my ass-hole, imagining Whitey's beautiful cock still up there, and more cum poured out of my cock.

"We're not gonna waste that," said Whitey, as he crawled back on the bed, and started lapping up my spilled milk.

"There are two things I want to ask you about, Whitey."

He interrupted his lapping-up operation, to say, "Go ahead."

"How about you coming to Hollywood to live with me?"

"I was hoping you would ask, Lefty, I'd go anywhere with you. And, what else did you want to know?"

I felt that rush of power spread through me again, as I said. "Now---about that belt---!"



COME INTO MY LIFE



This story reversed what had happened in the first in this collection. Harold wrote a long one, and a good one, but the printer decided, at the last minute, that a couple thousand words more could be used, and I was given the assignment of beefing up Harold's story. I didn't think it needed beefing, but I added a passage here, a passage there, hoping that the difference in style wouldn't show....

I'm a hustler, but I'm not queer. I don't mean I hustle women---I can't afford expensive clothes, or the expensive places you hafta hang around to meet rich bitches.

No, I hustle men, they're a lot less hassle. You

don't have to be queer to hustle men. I do it only for the money.

You say you wouldn't even do it for money if you wasn't queer? Well, think about it. How many people like their jobs? Not fucking many.

Take a dishwasher, for instance. If he did it for nothing, you could say he was queer for washing dishes, but if he only does it when he's paid for it, you can bet your nuts that he *hates* washing dishes.

Sex with a guy is disgusting if you're not queer? Let's put it this way---even disgust has a price.

If a guy comes up to you, and asks you to spit on his shoe, if you're not queer for spitting, you tell him to fuck off. But, if he offers you a quarter to do it, you hold out your hand, and spit.

If he wants to spit on your shoe, that disgusts you, and you wouldn't do it for no lousy quarter. But when he offers a half-a-buck, you start looking around for a piece of scrap paper, to wipe your shoe with.

A guy wants you to spit in his face. That really turns your stomach, but, when he waves a five-spot, under your nose, it works better than Alka-Seltzer. You grab it, and launch a goober.

If he wants to spit in your face, you're ready to kill him. But you don't. You're waiting to hear him mention a figure before deciding if you've been insulted or not. In the meantime, you're fishing around in your pocket to find that piece of Kleenex you thought you put there.

Then, you're so busy thinking of the money, that you hardly even notice when he does it, and you go away thinking that was the easiest money you ever made, and you're ready to open a chain of stores, with yourself as the general manager, madam.

That's one of the traps most hustlers fall into. They have a fifteen-minute quickie for five bucks an hour, eight hundred bucks for a forty-hour week. They forget that it took four hours of waiting for that one





five-buck job.

I don't figure on getting rich from hustling, but I hate washing dishes, and I haven't found that guy who wants to spit in my face for a twenty, so hustling it'll be, for a while, at least.

And I got no qualms about sex, any kind. I learned at an early age, that if a guy's hot enough, he'll stick it into any hole that's available. A guy's only queer when he *wants* his own hole stuffed.

I come from a big family. First, there were three boys, then a bunch of girls, then me, and then two more girls. My brothers were so much older than me, they'd have nothing to do with me, even though I slept in the same room with them.

I always heard them bragging about making out with girls, so it was unusual one night, when one of my brothers was bitching about a broad he couldn't make. He said he tried for hours, but she wouldn't put out, so look at the state she left him in.

They were getting undressed for bed, and I was already in bed. Tom was sitting on his bed in his Jockey shorts, when he said that. My other brothers look-

ed at his crotch and howled. I was curious, so I got out of bed to see.

There was a great big bulge in his lap, but I didn't know what the others found so funny.

Tom grabbed me, and pulled me into his crotch. He said if Mary Lou was there right then, he would rape her, maybe that's what she wants. He said he'd open her lips like this (he spread my ass-cheeks apart), and sit her right down on it. He sat me on his lap, and I could feel his swollen cock all the way into my crack.

Jim and Ben cracked up over this, and I tried to laugh too, but I wasn't sure they weren't laughing at me.

I tried to get down off Tom's lap, but he held me, and told me not to go---if his hard-on didn't go down soon, he might need me, I had a prettier butt than Mary Lou.

They laughed louder over that, and I got embarrassed, so I forced myself off his lap. But not before he gave my cheek a squeeze, and tried to force a finger up my hole.

I jumped back into bed, and pulled the covers over my head. But it couldn't black out their voices. Now, I was the butt of their jokes; they were saying things like, "We've had our own private sex machine here, all along, and didn't know it!" "Look at all the time and money we can save, we don't have to date any more!" and more crap like that.

Later that night, while I was sleeping, on my stomach, I awoke, when I felt the blankets being pulled off me. I was about to ask what was going on, when a hand clamped my mouth shut. Tom's voice whispered in my ear, "If you make a sound, I'll kill you!"

He knelt on the bed behind me, and ran his other hand over my butt. He really felt me up good. Then he started probing around my ass-hole. He tried to shove a finger in, but I squeezed tight to keep him out. He pinched my ass, hard enough to make me scream, but I couldn't with his hand over my mouth.

He leaned over to my ear, and whispered, "You loosen up, or I'll rip you in half!"

Then he started poking again. I automatically tightened, when the finger touched, but I forced myself to relax. I believed he would kill me. My brothers had never shown any family, or any friendly, feelings toward me, and I always felt like a stranger, when they were around.

But, even when I relaxed, Tom's finger couldn't slide in, and it hurt like hell, when he kept trying to force it.

He was cursing under his breath, and then he stopped struggling. I heard him spit, and felt a wet glob hit my crack. He ran his finger through it, until he coated it all, and then went back to my ass-hole.

It slipped all the way in, with no trouble for him, but with a sharp pain in my ass for me. I caught a scream before he remembered to tighten his grip on my face. His fingers on my face, hurt at least as much

as the one up my ass.

"That's a good boy! You won't make any noise, because you know I'll kill you if you do. If you just keep quiet, I'll take it as easy on you as I can."

He took his finger out, and I heard him spit again. Then I felt two fingers being shoved back into my hole. I may have twitched a little, but I didn't make a sound; two fingers didn't hurt any worse than one.

He withdrew, and spit again, and this time I felt at least three fingers in my butt. The funny thing is, three didn't hurt nearly as bad as one or two. The sharp pain disappeared, and all I felt was a general discomfort in the area. It didn't feel *good*; it just felt like it couldn't wait to get those fingers out, so it could relax again.

He kept shoving them in and out, and moving them around, as if he was exploring my insides. He started cursing again, but this time he didn't sound mad.

He was saying, "Shit, Christ, Jesus, oh, sweet Jesus----" and stuff like that. I couldn't figure what kind of fun he was getting through his fingers.

When he pulled them out, my ass-hole and I heaved a sigh of relief.

Then I heard him spitting again, and I thought, "Now, I'm gonna get the whole fist!" And I still thought so, when he started butting up against my hole again. He was having a harder time than before, so he spit some more, and gave a shove that I was afraid would push me right through the mattress.

Whatever it was, got past the entrance, and then stopped. I don't even remember if it hurt me or not, I had the breath knocked out of me, from the shove.

It held still for a while, and I could feel it throb. I guessed that he was squeezing and unsqueezing his fist. Then it slowly sank deeper into me.

Tom took his hand from my mouth, and grabbed my shoulder, then I felt his other hand run up my back and land on my other shoulder. I jumped! What in the hell did he have up my ass?

My mind searched the room. Did he unscrew the top of the bedpost? Whatever it was, was now mov-



ing slowly in and out of my ass, and I felt Tom's whole body resting on my back.

Shit! There's only one thing that he could possibly be ramming in my ass, and that's his cock. But his cock never looked that big when I'd seen it. I'd never seen anybody's cock look that big, or that hard. Then I remembered the huge bulge in his crotch when my other brothers laughed at him, and I guessed that that must be what happens when a guy gets hot, and can't find a girl to screw. I wondered if it went down after he screwed a guy, or if it stayed that big until he got another girl.

His cock started going faster and faster, and harder and harder, until Tom let out a cry, "Oh, Jesus!"

That woke the others. Ben jumped out of bed, and put the light on. He yelled, "You bastard!" and picked Tom up and knocked him across the room.

Ben was ready to hit him again, when Tom said, "I didn't force him or anything. He likes it. We do it all the time. He used to beg me to do it to him, and now he can't get enough. He's always asking me for it. He wants you guys to screw him, too, but he's afraid to ask you. Go ahead, ask him if I'm lying!"

What could I say. If I said yes, I had no idea what Ben and Jim would do, but if I said no, I sure as hell *knew* what Tom would do to me.

So I nodded my head, yes.

The two guys stood towering over me, calling me, "Fucking fruit!", "Fucking Fairy!", and a number of other things I didn't understand. Their voices were filled with disgust, but, as I looked up to anticipate what was coming next, I watched both of their cocks lengthen, and then stick straight out from their bodies.

Jim said, "Wow! His ass-hole looks like it's big enough to take a cock without any trouble."

Ben said, "And his ass sure looks as pretty as any girl's."

"OK, brother, if you want our cocks so bad, you're

gonna get them. Go ahead, Jim, you're next!"

"Me? Why not you?"

"Because mine's a lot bigger than both of yours. We'd better build him up to it gradually."

"Shit! If he's so hot for cock up his ass, he's probably had hundreds bigger than yours."

"Shut up, and start fucking. I'm not gonna wait all night. If you take too long, I just might hop on you, and shove it up your ass."

"You do, and I'm gonna have one dead brother!"

"Fuck you! You don't want it, so I'll take it!"

Ben straddled me, and with one hard shove, he



plunged all the way into me. I not only had Tom's spit in my butt, but his cum, too, and it eliminated any resistance. He slammed in about a dozen times, and then shot. He held himself in a rigid push-up position for a couple of minutes, then hopped off.

He slapped my ass, and said, "Man, that's fucking stuff!" and flopped into his own bed.

Tom was already in his bed, but Jim was pacing the floor. He stopped to look at my ass, then walked away again; he came back, stopped, looked, then walked away again.

Finally, he looked like he had made up his mind. He turned off the light, and got back into his own bed.

I heard him tossing and turning, and then he let out a "Sheeeiittt!"

He got out of his bed, and was stretched along my back. His cock touched the hole for a few seconds, and then rammed in. I couldn't hold in the gasp.

He said, "I thought you liked this!"

"I do," I lied. "It's just that you surprised me."

"I surprised *you*!?! That ain't nothing compared to how *you* surprised *me*! But if you like it, brother, you'll get it! I'll show you how brotherly I can be!"

He pumped wilder than the other two, put together, and at least three times as long, before he came. While he was cumming, he grunted and groaned, and slowed down to long, full-length strokes.

Then, he sent it all the way back into me, and collapsed on my back. After a while, I felt it begin to shrink, and I tried to eject it with the muscles down there. But, it had the opposite effect. He started to harden again.

He said, "Goddamn, but you really must like it! You're all anxious for me to go again."

And he started pumping again. Only this time with slow strokes, all the way out to all the way in. He seemed to be enjoying every inch of his cock sliding through my sore hole.

Ben called, "Hurry up, you bastard! Don't be such a hog! If you're not through in one minute, I'm gonna be crawling into your ass-hole!"

But it was Tom who got out of bed, and came over to us. I could feel his hand traveling over Jim's body, and mine. He must have tried to get in Jim's ass, because Jim swung his arm, and Tom went flying across the room again.

As soon as Ben heard Jim grunting and groaning again, he came over, and pulled him off me. He was still shooting, and I could feel jets of his cum landing on my back and neck.

Then Ben slid in, as easy as pie. I had the feeling that my ass-hole was never going to close up again. But, I was wrong. I've had guys with cocks no fatter than my little finger, tell me I was a good, tight fuck.

Tom came, messing around again. He must have tried getting into Ben's ass, because he went sailing across the room again.

Ben came as quick as the first time, but, by this time, it made no difference to me; I was numb.

Now was Tom's chance again, and he took advantage of it. He came, and stayed in me until he was ready for another go.

The next night, when I went to bed, Tom came in and fucked me twice, before the other guys got there. But that didn't stop him from trying to get into them, with the same result as the night before. He was so hot, he wouldn't give up, so he came around in front of me, and made me take his cock in my mouth. He seemed to enjoy it almost as much, but the others stuck to just fucking.

That same routine went on for weeks, with Tom

sometimes catching me during the day, and throwing a fuck into me.

But, one night, Ben got pissed at Tom feeling his ass, so he told Jim to help him hold Tom down, and they took turns fucking him. He put up a fight, until they had it in him, and then he calmed down, and it seemed to me that he enjoyed it.

From then on, Ben and Jim took turns fucking each of us, which gave me a break, only having to take them once a night. But Tom still screwed me at least twice a night, and then once or twice more during the day.

One day, Tom told me he wanted me to meet his buddies. "They're a great bunch of guys, and you'll really dig them." I felt great. Up until a few months ago, my brothers acted as if I didn't exist. Then, they just used my body, without even asking me, to relieve their hot nuts. This was the first time any of them acted as if he knew I was a human being. Tom wanted me to meet his friends, and seemed to care about whether I would like them or not.

But that great feeling disappeared, right after the introductions. Tom slapped my butt, and said, "Wasn't I right, fellas? That ass is prettier than any girl's. Drop your pants, Davie, and show them."

I tried to run out of their club-house, but Tom grabbed my arm, and pressed his thumb hard, into my muscle. I had never felt more like crying, then at that moment. It wasn't the pain, or even the embarrassment, or the thought of what might come next. It was the disappointment. I thought that, at last, someone wanted to be my friend. I vowed never to make that mistake again. I'd let anyone do what they wanted with my body, but no one was ever going to get into my life---here, inside. I held back the tears.

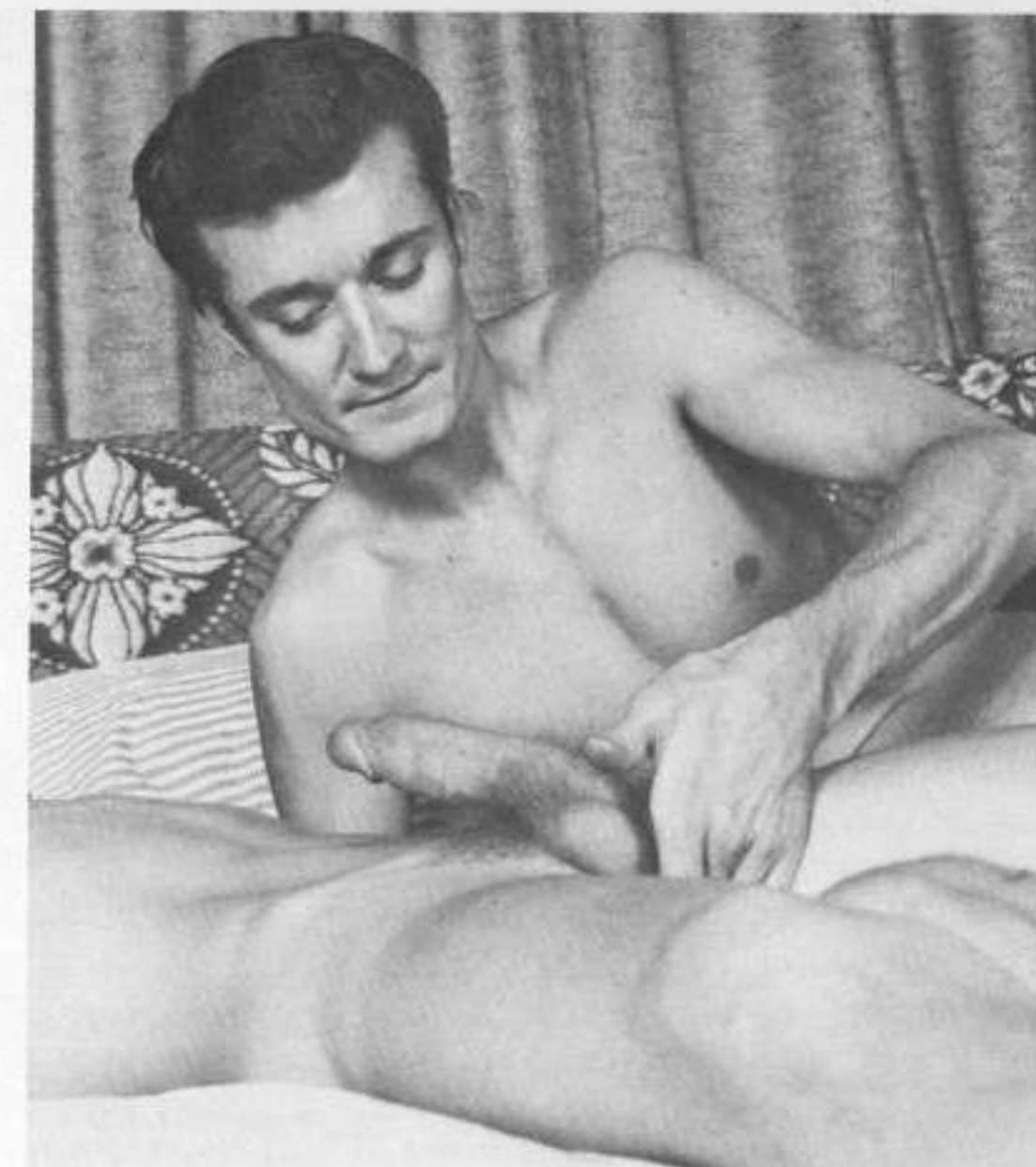
"Get those goddamn pants off," Tom growled. When I did, he released my arm. The guys wolf-whistled, and made cracks, like, "Hot damn, I want some of that!"

Tom ordered me to strip, completely, and lay face down on top of a pile of mattresses on the floor. They drew straws to see who was first. Someone suggested that the president of the club should go first, but he said he'd take his turn with the straws, he believed in the democratic principle, (for everyone but me).

That afternoon was torture. Not more than two of them seemed to have any experience at fucking. Most of them poked me at all different angles. Some missed the opening, and still kept jabbing away, as if they were trying to poke a new hole. But I intercepted any reactions that my body wanted to make, and just laid there like a log.

Without looking, or listening, I could tell that Tom was number four, and then the last one. He had to help himself to seconds, even though none of the others did.

When they were through, Tom told me to get dressed, and wait outside. The door wasn't a tight fit,



and I heard him collect a dollar from each of them. And he gave ten percent (in this case---ninety cents), back to the club treasury.

"So, bring a lot more guys around next week, and this club'll be rolling in dough. And, if you guys are interested, maybe we could do it two or three times a



week."

Outside, he threw his arm around my shoulder, and said, "The gang like you a lot, Davie boy. They want to see a lot more of you. For being so nice to them, I'm gonna buy you an ice cream on the way home."

Tom asked, what flavor I wanted. I stalled, until the clerk was there, and then, blurted out, "A banana split, please!" If I was gonna be a whore, I was gonna be a high-priced one. At least, for the first time.

After that, on our three-times-a-week schedule, Tom ordered two double-dip cones to go.

At ten cents a man, three days a week, up to thirty a day, that club must have been the richest one in the state. And, at ninety cents a man, etc., my brother must have been the richest pimp in the state. And, at three double-dip cones a week, I must have been the biggest chump in the state. I wish I had known, then, about unions.

Shortly after the price was doubled, I found out where Tom kept his stash. I planned my escape, and double revenge.

When no one was around, I took Tom's money, and some of my clothes, and hid them away from the house.

When Ben and Jim came home, I told them our



whorehouse operation---with a few embellishments. I told them that four guys with knives came to get me every day, and that they tied me up to screw me. I said I was afraid to mention it to them before, because Tom said they knew about it, and he was splitting his take with them, but that I finally realized that they wouldn't do anything as rotten as that.

When Tom came home, I felt the closest feeling to happiness that I'd ever felt. Especially, at the surprised look on his face, when he was confronted with my story.

But when I saw the look of fear come over his face, I realized that vengeance wasn't all that sweet. I disliked myself for it, and whose opinion of myself is more important to me than my own?

The first couple of blows drew blood, and I didn't want to see any more. I ran to my stash, and hitchhiked my way out of town.

I supported myself the only way I knew how, by selling my body. But, that's the only thing I sold. For no amount of money, would I let anyone into my life.

And, there was guys that tried. Guys that told me I was a nice-looking kid, and I oughta settle down, and

get out of this life. They thought they was complimenting me, but, to me, it was like they was saying that being a hustler is shit, and being a hustler's john is OK. Well, shit on them, long's they paid! I knew my end of the business a lot better'n most of them knew theirs!

I couldn't remember what most of them looked like a half hour after I got back on the street---though, when a guy comes up to me on the street, I always know if I been with him sometime before, and I remember what his quirks are. That's where the skill comes into hustling: sizing up what a guy wants you to do, how he wants to see you.

Still, lots of dudes surprised me. A guy that looks like he bosses everybody around him, will suddenly want me to spank him like he's a little boy, that's been naughty. Or, a guy who started out real pleasant will turn real chicken-shit, insulting. But, nothing they say ever gets really under my skin.

There was this one dude, a photographer, hairy and real heavy built, who, for a long time, picked me up maybe three, four times a week. He slobbered me with kisses, and sucked me off, while he showed me pictures of guys balling chicks, and he'd take pictures of me, jerking myself off, or of me sticking a dildo up my ass, or something creepy like that, but he always finished off, wanting me to give him a blow job---not for the money, but for "friendship".

And, I always found it harder to do it with him than with most, just because he kept trying to get me to give out something in myself. I kept telling myself that I couldn't of given it out to him, even if I'd wanted to give it out to anybody, so I always just lay there, like a stick, with an open mouth, just letting his horse-cock move around any way it wanted inside my jaws, while he mumbled stuff, like, "Take me, lover," and I swore, each time I saw him coming up to me on the Boulevard, that I wouldn't go with him no more, not even if he doubled the price.

And he wasn't a bad guy. Pleasant, not bad-looking, considerate, and never no hassle about paying. Sometimes he even gave me extra gifts, feeling they weren't pay, but for the "friendship", though I never did anything to encourage his ideas about that.

At least I never shitted him, and never cheated him. The next hustler he offered his "friendship" to, really took him good!

The dude that came closest, maybe, to actually getting into my life, caught me off guard. I'd picked up a john that took me to a motel down in Long Beach, stuck his cock in me, and let me find my own way home. I was burned about that, and didn't even pay much attention to this guy who stopped when I was thumbing it. And I didn't pay attention (like I usually do, for sure), when he turned off the freeway at night, onto a deserted road near some factories, and parked and started to twist my arm, forcing my head down into his open crotch.

"Look, mister," I sputtered. "I don't do shit like this for nothing. You tell me how much you're paying, and I'll do it any way you want."

I was gonna say something else, but then I had my mouth full of hard meat, and my wrist twisted way up my back, and him telling me that the ride back to town was all the pay I was gonna get.

He was a strong bastard, smelling of hard work, with heavy hands that was goddamn good to look at, and a good strong face, which needed shaving, and, when he said he'd break me in half if I didn't do like I was told, I knew he was big enough to do it.

We got out of the car, and went into a warehouse---he had a key---and, when he pulled my pants down, he was so rough I had only two buttons left on my fly. He bent me over a large bale of shredded-up paper, and sunk the biggest, damned cock I'd ever seen, up my ass-hole.

When you hustle, you learn to take almost anything anybody can throw into you, but this mother really hurt me, like nobody had since the first time Tom had lined up his club to gang-fuck me, and halfway through, he suddenly started telling me about the time his brothers had raped him, when he was just





nine years old.

And that got to me. Nobody else ever had, though a lot of the johns told me all about themselves. I found myself---just for a minute---wanting to know this guy better.

I almost asked him could I see him again, while we



was driving on back. I liked his looks, rugged, but handsome, but he was musing over what I'd said about expecting to get paid for sex, and he made a joke out of it, but underneath the joking, he was being real nasty, and that got to me, too.

"So, you're a whore?" he said. "Well, I guess I better pay you what you're worth." And he gave me a quarter. Twenty-five fucking cents!

I should have thrown it at him. I started to tell him that \$20.00 was my starting price, but I just didn't get it out. I held the damned quarter in my sweating hand till he let me out of his car at Western, and I went straight to my pad, with my tail still sore, and that wasn't all of me was sore.

I been picked up by lots of guys who told me they was movie or TV stars, but there was only one I recognized, and that was Rod. He was even dressed in a half Western outfit, when he picked me up, and he looked good in it, tall and lean and weathered, with a bulge in his pants that ran half-way down to his knees.

His house was real fussy---too many frills---and he was fussy about where I sat: Wipe your feet here; don't use that ashtray; set your drink down right here.

I thought he was going to talk all day---about how they used to flog sailors in the English navy; about all the ways that executioners used to torment prisoners to make them talk; and every so often he would feel my crotch to see if this kind of talk, gave me a hard-on.

Finally, I told him not to count on me getting a rise, but that I'd do whatever he wanted me to do. I shouldn't have said that, considering the way his talk had been running, but, even though I was usually real sharp at sizing up which way a guy was going, with him, between the real man image he had on television, and his house decorated like it was for some old lady, I just thought the talk about flogging, and all, was just small talk.

I suggested it was time we got down to business, and he said to relax. We'd already settled on a price, and he said he'd pay me that each hour, long's I did what he wanted. Then he went on talking, about how he'd growed up on a farm, and his pap had punished him for something at least once a week, pulling his pants down, and beating his ass with a heavy stick....

We went, not to his bedroom, but to a locked-off den, cinder-block walls, with big chains set in the walls, and---well, it was a real torture chamber, and I was suddenly ready to back out, but he said he wouldn't hurt me. I'd been with some guys before who like to hurt a little, and I knew with most of them it was just game-playing, besides, I wasn't afraid of a couple bruises or scratches, if the money was good.

He undressed me, and made me put on a leather jacket, which he said I could keep, if I liked it. Then he worked himself up in a sweat, pretending to bull-whip me. It was a nasty looking whip, and would

have left permanent marks if it'd ever connected good, but he just tapped me with it, mostly around the legs, and on my chest.

Still, I showed some stripes, and could feel my skin stinging when he sucked me off.

Rod had me up to his place, maybe five or six times before he got real serious. One night he had me tied to his bed, face down, with his long cock shoved all the way up my ass, and he started to beg me to stay at his place, to be his slave.

I told him I didn't hook up permanent with nobody, and he started to cry. Damn! Some of those people who see him on TV should see what a "he man" he is in his own house! Then he said, if I'd stay with him, he would be *my* slave, that I could chain him to the wall every night, and that I didn't have to go easy on the bull-whip, or the other "toys" either.

I told him flat out no, and he got mad, and told me to get dressed and get out. He didn't even drive me back to the Boulevard, but with what he paid me, I could of afforded a cab---if I could of found one.

But, as I walked back down the hill, I was realizing he'd come closer than any guy had, since I left home.

Until yesterday, that is. I'd been hustling these nine years, since I ran away from home. I'd been all over this whole goddamn country, with the last six months in Los Angeles. All this time I figured I was straight, because guys didn't turn me on. Girls didn't either, but I only run across raunchy ones in my kind of life, so I always thought, someday, magically, I'd run across the right girl, and I'd settle down.

But that ain't quite the way it happened. For the past week I'd noticed a new guy in town. He was hustling, too, but he always smiled at me when we passed.

Yesterday, I was resting my feet, while having coffee in a restaurant, when he walked in, and sat down next to me. He smiled, and said hello and started to talk to me.

He asked me a lot of questions, and really seemed interested in me. I was reluctant to talk about my past, so he had to do most of the talking.

I couldn't concentrate on what he was saying (something about coming from a small town, a large family, older brothers who initiated him, and one who sold him to his friends), because I was getting a hard-on. He was the first person who ever turned me on. Not only sexually---I wanted to kiss him, hug him, cry with him, and laugh with him. I was falling in love with him.

I interrupted whatever he was saying, wrote my address on a napkin, and told him to meet me there in an hour. I said I would pay whatever his price was, then I ran.

I spent the hour cleaning my room, because, for the first time in my life, I cared what someone else might think of me.

Mike was his name. At least I guessed it was. He

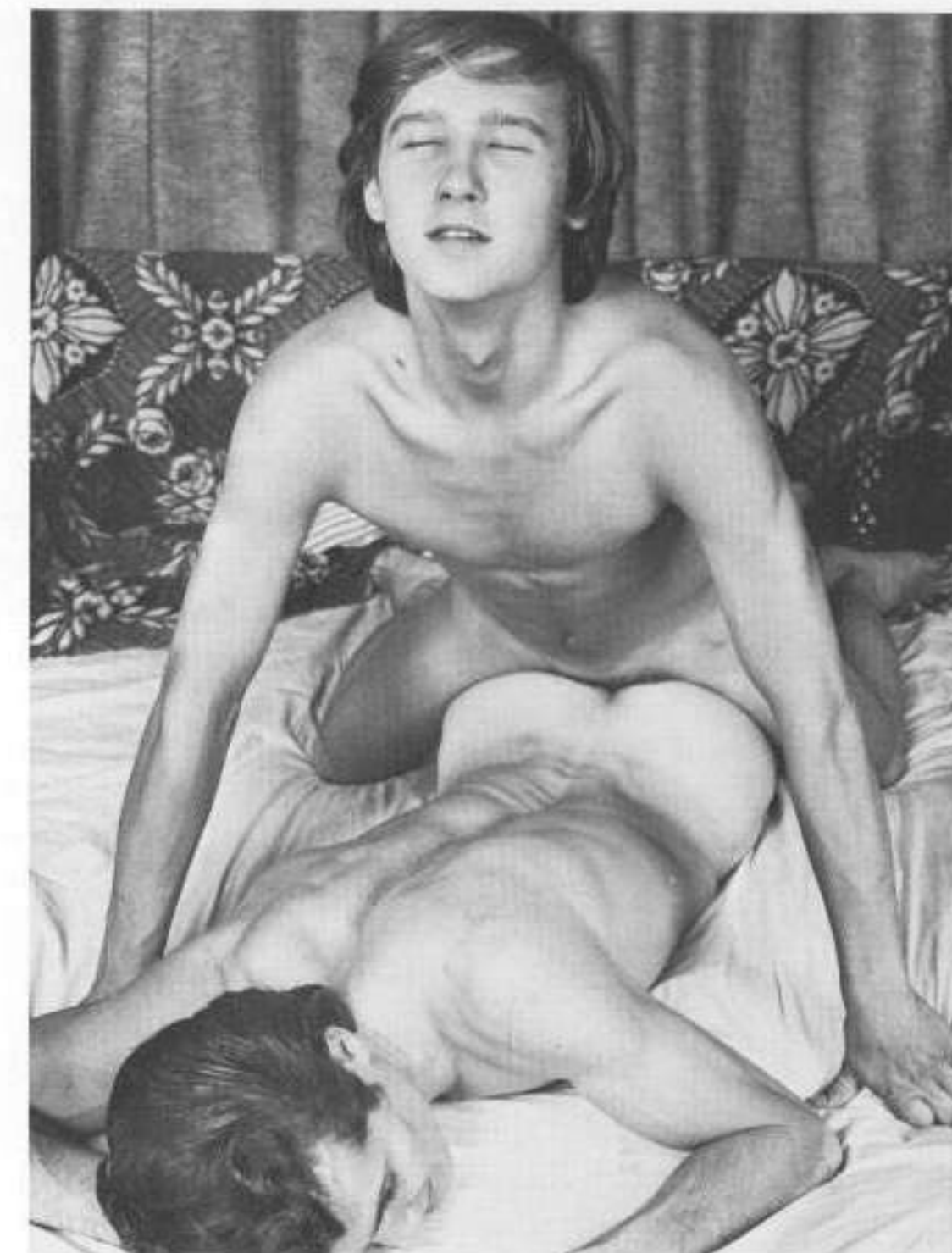


had "Mike loves Lolita" tattooed on his arm, and he sure as hell looked too butch to be "Lolita".

I was thinking all kinds of crazy things, when the bell rang. I ran to the door, tok a deep breath, and then swung it open.

There he was---smiling.

"Mike---come into my life! I---I---mean---come into my house. No, I don't, dammit! I *mean....Come into my life!!!*"





SILENT SAM

We start with a pun, pick up one lonely kid, and do an exploration of the sensitivities involved in homosexuality---for most Gay porn has that extra exploratory dimension, exploring the world of being different, most often not from the viewpoint of the committed Gay, as from the viewpoint here, and in so many of these stories, of the young man who looks and acts as if he could about as well gone the other way. That's a necessity for many readers. Out-and-out Gayness they can find a turn-off....

Here I am on a davenport, in Davenport, Ohio. Alone, as I have been my entire life. But, with a difference now. I no longer am lonely.

But I had been lonely for my entire life in a small Texas city. From an early age, I realized I was different than everyone else, and I had learned to keep my mouth shut, so they wouldn't find out. Whenever guys would be together, they had only two topics of conversation---sports, and girls. And I wasn't interested in either. It pained me to hear really beautiful boys, so unaware of their own qualities that they only rated themselves according to which girls would go with them. Some of the girls were pigs, but if she'd put out for the best looking guy, he considered himself lucky.

It's not that I don't like girls, but every time I'd get friendly with one, the situation would eventually get sticky. I knew I couldn't tell them I wasn't interested in them, sexually, so I made up a story that was to get me out of a lot of tight spots.

I told them I sang professionally, so, whenever a girl invited me to her house when her parents were away, or whenever there was a party I knew would get wild, I invented a wedding or anniversary, or some kind of private party out of town that I had to sing for.

And, strangely, the more dates I turned down, the more popular I became. And since I didn't contribute anything to the guys' sex-bull-shit sessions, they assumed I was the biggest cocksman in town, and hung the nickname "Silent Sam" on me.

But knowing this popularity was for the wrong reasons, only made me feel lonelier. There was no one in the whole town I could really talk to. No one I would dare open up to. No one who could tell me if there were anyone else in the world who was like me, or if I was doomed to be "Silent Sam" for the rest of my life.

Having no one to talk to, I took to singing my thoughts when I was alone in my room. My guitar

was my only friend, and I spent hours pouring out my thoughts. My songs were all questions, and pleas for enlightenment, because I didn't know the answers, and wondered if I ever would.

After graduation, I went to Dallas, thinking, the bigger the city, the more chance of finding answers.

After a week of wandering, and not meeting a soul, I sat on the edge of a little fountain in a deserted park, and started singing to my guitar.

I must have been pouring my heart out for an hour, when I heard a voice. I turned my head, and there was a handsome young man sitting a few feet away, on the fountain ledge.

"I didn't mean to interrupt you, but are those your own songs?"

I said, "I didn't know anyone was listening. I'm sorry," and I got up, and started walking away.

He ran after me, and grabbed my arm. "Why shouldn't anyone



hear your songs? They're great!"

"I'd be too embarrassed to let anyone hear what a mess my mind is."

"But, that's the only way anyone could get to know you, and the only way you can begin to find the answers to your questions. Besides that, your voice is beautiful, and so are you. Come on with me to my coffee-house. I want to watch you on stage, and hear you through the P.A. system."

He dragged me three blocks to his club, which was closed at that hour, and ordered me to sing. I tried doing a popular song, but he stopped me and made me do one of my own. I almost cried in frustration, but, by the second number, it felt wonderful to be able to share my thoughts with another person. I sang for a half hour, and when I stepped off the stage, he hugged me, and kissed me on the forehead.

Without saying a word, he led me to his car, and drove to his home. In the next three hours he showed me how much happiness every part of my body and my soul were capable of feeling. It's the one episode in my life I could never put into words.

After resting awhile, Alan introduced himself, and said, "My club is booked solid for a month, but I'm penciling you in for the first opening. In the meantime, a friend of mine, with a coffee-house in Davenport, just asked me if I knew of anyone to fill three nights a week, starting immediately. I'll call him, and tell him you're starting tomorrow. You'll like Bob. He's good at teaching newcomers the ropes, and, when you get back here, you'll be a seasoned pro."

Here it is, the next day, and I'm on the davenport in the hotel room Bob had reserved for me. I had called Bob to tell him I had arrived, and he said he'd be right over. Thinking about yesterday,





and Alan, made my heart, and my cock, expand. I unzipped my pants to relieve the pressure on the latter, and wished I could unzip my chest to do the same for my heart, as I drifted off to sleep.

The doorbell jolted me out of the sexiest dream I ever had, which prepared me for my immediate future.

Zippering up, I opened the door to the second handsomest guy in the world, (Alan would reamin #1 in my life, if he looked like Quasimodo).

After introductions, I blurted out, "Alan told me to put myself in your hands, and you'd teach me all I'll ever need to know!"

Bob burst out laughing, and, as we sat on the davenport, he put

his hand on my knee. That released all the years of inhibitions, as I grabbed his crotch, roughly.

He cried, "Ouch! Take it easy, and we'll both last longer."

But, when his hand touched my crotch, I couldn't control myself. I threw an arm around his neck, and kissed him, hungrily, as I undid his shirt, and pushed his pants to his ankles with the other hand.

While I was fishing in his shorts for his cock, he opened my shirt, and started kissing my nipples. He was getting pretty overwrought himself, because, as soon as he opened my pants, he plummeted all the way down on my cock, until his lips bounced off my pubic hair. A few ups and

downs, and a brief licking of the head, and Bob sprang up and tried to get rid of the rest of his clothing. I wasn't much help to him, when I yanked his cock through the fly of his shorts, and started sucking up a storm.

He laughed, as he pulled away to finish undressing. Whatta guy! Always laughing, when there's serious business at hand! But I forgave him. In just one second he straddled my face, and shoved his cock back between my lips. Then, he leaned over and swallowed my dick in one gulp, which was a good thing, because I came when he hit bottom. That lovely bastard started laughing again, and sputtered my cum all over my crotch.





Naivete again is the attractive ingredient, a fetching boy who doesn't know the score, but quickly finds people are writing it all over him. The story had only a distant relation to the photographs which originally accompanied it, and that put me off at first, until I decided that the story was the better of the two....



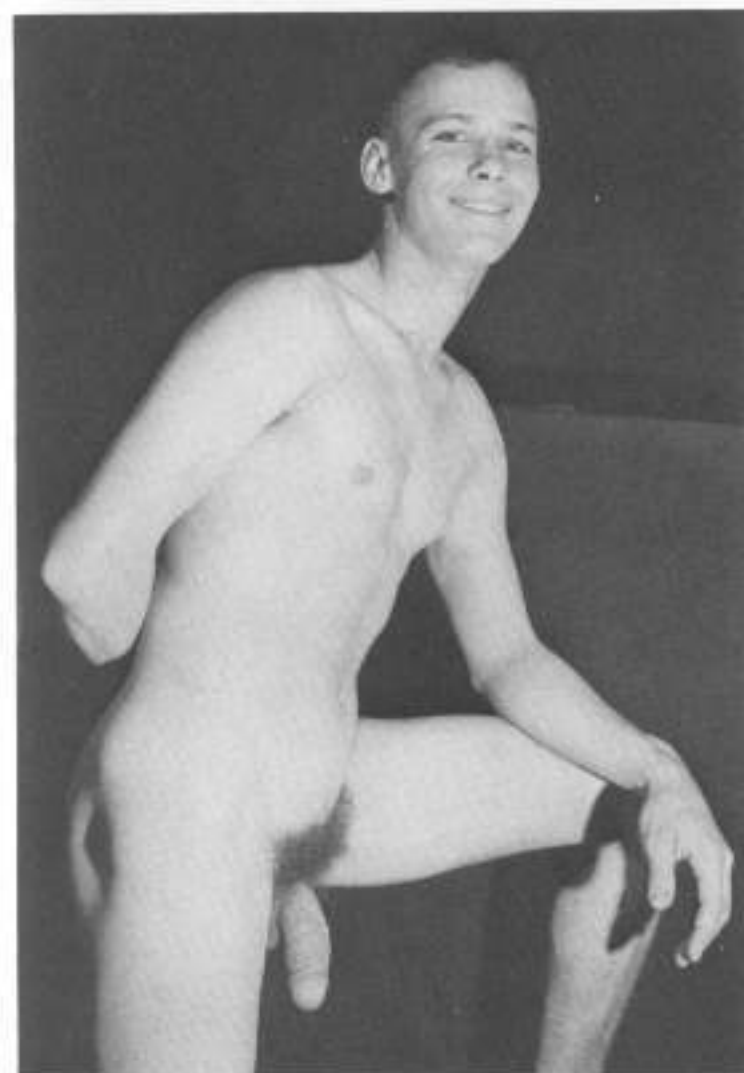
What in the hell kind of a state is California? I drive almost all the way across the country, and nothing unusual happens: as soon as I cross the California state line, it's like I drove into a loony-bin.

A mile into the state, and I'm stopped by a cop. I pull off the road, and he parks his bike next to my door, but he doesn't get off it. He doesn't say anything. He just keeps sliding his body forward and back on the seat.

Finally, I ask, "Officer, what did I do wrong?"

"Little Miss Innocence, aren't you?"

"I wasn't aware of doing anything wrong."



"That's what you all say. All you young punks."

I just sat there for awhile, waiting for him to become more informative, but he just sits there, sliding his ass on the seat. He grabs a handful of his crotch, and I could see that he's sporting a hard-on. He wasn't trying to hide it: it looked like he wanted me to see it.

I think, maybe he wants a compliment on what a big stud he is, but I'm not about to make a crack to a cop about his crotch.

He says, "But I'll bet you'd like to do something wrong, wouldn't you?"

"What do you say in that position?"

"I seen you give me the eye, when you passed me before."

Eye? Eye? I never even saw him before.

"Get out, and follow me!"

He finally got off his bike, and I could see that his cock was huge, and poking his pants way out in front of him. I was afraid he was some kind of sadist I had heard about, and was getting a thrill out



of just thinking of beating me up. He had one hand on his crotch, and the other on his gun, so I couldn't give him any argument.

I got out and walked. He led me to a space behind some bushes, and told me to drop my pants, and lean over a big rock. He said he was going to search me for dope.

I handed him my pants to search, but he just threw them down, and told me to turn and lean.

He ran his hands up and down the insides of my legs, and I couldn't help getting a hard-on.

He said, "Ha! Looks like I got me one of those hundred percent genuine perverts. What turns you on? Me, or my leather gloves?"

"The rock," I said, risking a beating, in preference to being jailed for admitting I was a pervert.

I waited for the blow, but nothing happened.

Finally, he said, "Aw shucks." Yeah. He said, "Aw, shucks. You kids nowadays are all the time



wise-assing."

Then he tried to shove his leather-gloved finger, up my ass. I squeezed tight, and kept him out.

"Relax, so I can get it in, will you?"

"You're not gonna shove anything up my ass!"

"Please?"

"Not on your life!"

"Then blow me."

"Blow you?"

"Yeah! Suck my cock!"

"What the fuck do you think I am?"

"Then can I blow yours?"

He was blowing my mind, that's what he was blowing.

"Can I? Huh?"

"Well, OK, if you hurry. I haven't got all day."

"Wait just one minute, while I get my motorcycle!"

He ran and drove his bike back. He put down the parking stand, and left the motor running. He asked me to sit on the seat.

It felt good. The vibrations were making my hard cock swing in the air. He grabbed my cock,

with his gloved hand, and let the head vibrate, against his lips, tonguing it, about every tenth beat. Gradually, he let more and more of it slip into his mouth. When he had it all the way down his throat, he started a raspy humming that jolted the cum right out of my balls, and into his stomach.

That, and the vibration of the bike were the most fantastic sensations I'd ever felt in my life. I could almost understand why this cop got so horny from sitting on that sex machine all day.

When I got my pants back on, and was in my car, ready to go, he told me that if I should be passing here again to honk my horn three times when I go by the "Milk" billboard. He usually hides out there, looking for good-looking young guys to stop.

About a hundred miles further on, I saw a nice, new motel, and decided to stay the night. I checked in, and headed straight for the shower. I almost jumped through the ceiling. The water



was freezing. I wrapped a towel around myself, and called the office. They said they'd send someone right over.

In about a minute, this busy-haired guy threw open the door, looked at me a second, and said, "I'd be happy to check your plumbing." And he kissed me, and felt my nuts through the towel.

He said, "So far, so good," and went into the bathroom. He kicked the wall, and said, "OK, try it, now."

I leaned over to turn the water on, and he pulled the towel from my waist.

"If you get this wet, you won't have anything to dry yourself with. This crummy joint only gives one to a customer."

I said, "Fine. I'm getting warm water now," and I stepped into the tub.

He took his jacket off, and sat down on the toilet seat.

"I said it's working now." But he made no move to go.

He said, "It may cut out again,



his finger into my ass-hole, before I could stop him. It felt so good, I was glad I didn't stop him.

The way everybody in California seemed to be so wild about sucking cock, got my curiosity aroused. I pulled him up, and into the shower with me. Then I bent over, and took his cock in my mouth. It didn't taste bad at all, and the texture was kind of exciting. I wanted to see what the rest of him tasted like, so I made a grand tour of his body. There's a slightly different taste at each different place, but the most unusual, was at his ass-hole. Yeah! I was gonna go whole hog.

He said, "I didn't realize you were such a swinger. Here, let me go 'round the world, and I'll show

you how it should be done."

Well, there wasn't a millimeter of me that didn't get thoroughly licked, both inside and out.

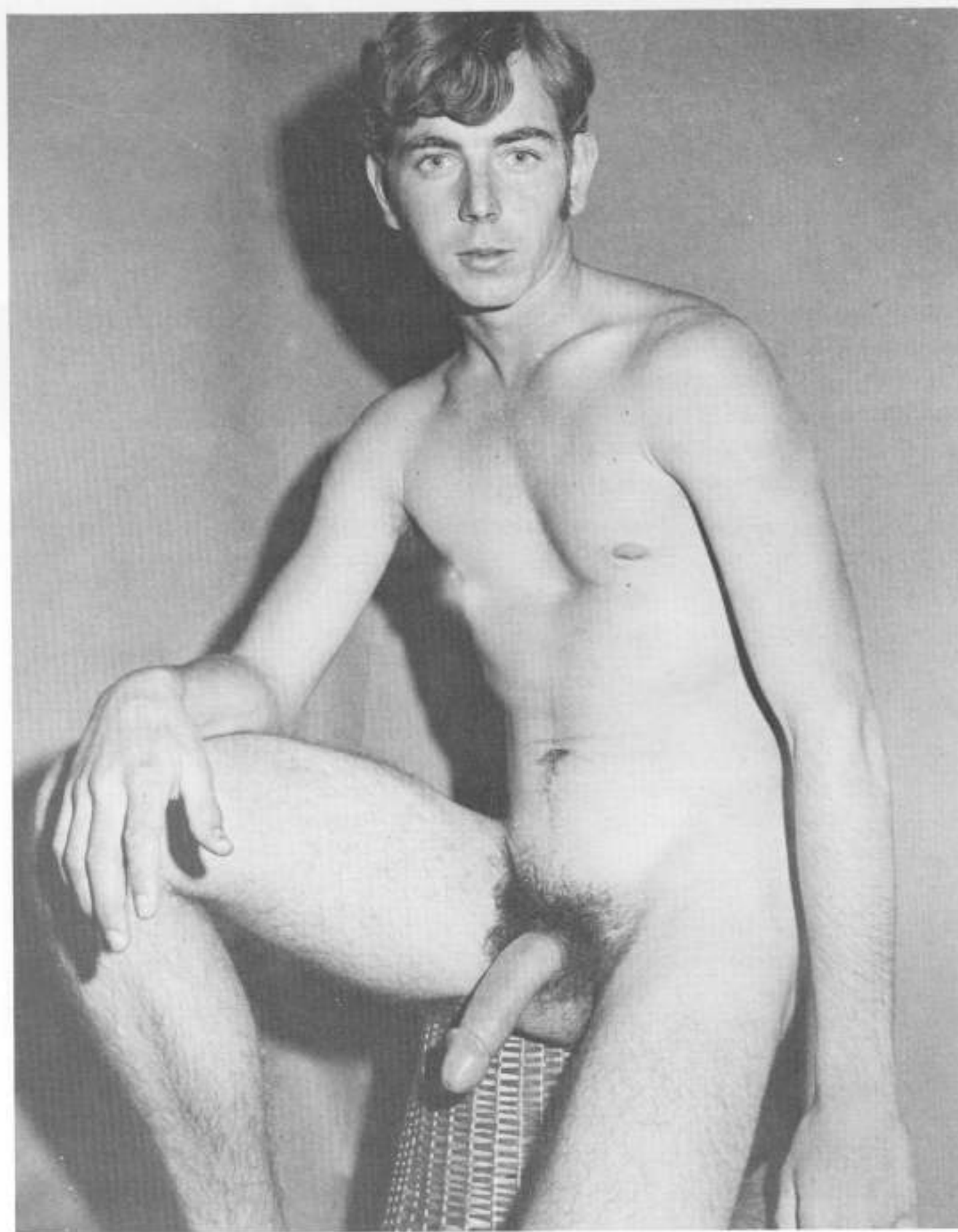
We dried ourselves on the couch, as we twisted into every conceivable contortion, and when the couch was too wet, we continued on the bed.

He had me worked up almost to bursting, when he said, "Put it in my ass. Fuck me! Fuck me!"

The new sensations of the inside of his ass-hole, kept me going for another hour. We kept changing positions until we made a shambles of the bed.

As I was coming, I started screaming, "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Yeah, the nut population of California, just increased by one!



and you don't want to break your bare toe kicking the wall. And, besides, I like the interior decoration."

He started directing me...."A little more soap on your right shoulder, lots of it, down in the crotch...."

He said, "Now, rinse off your crotch."

When I did, he reached between my legs, and pulled me towards him. He slid his lips over my cock, and ran his head up and down. Out to the tip, and then down to my hair. I was hard in no time.

He suddenly jumped up, and threw off his clothes, then resumed where he left off. Suds were dripping down my back into the crack of my ass. He shoved



MADE BETTER BY EXPERIENCE



Some people don't care for photos----"when you can get the real thing," they say, with haughty condescension. So they wouldn't know what it's like to fall in love with a photograph. I've done it several times, since I've been writing these things, and often with models who didn't appeal to me at first glance. I don't know if Harold does that, but he described one of these boys in a way that made me fall in love with the model, and it carried me through three different writeups of the same initial photo session....

Well, I finally made it! Here I was, in the big city, with enough money to last me until I can find me a job.

I sweated my ass off for the last five years, working farms. And I mean ass.

My folks were killed in an accident, when I was just a little kid, and the court made me the ward of my cousin, since he was my only living relative.

He hired himself out to work farms, and, when I came along, he told the farmers they would have two workers for almost the price of one.

I never got to see any of that "almost". He never gave me a penny. So, when I was thirteen and I could pass for sixteen, I ran away, and got farm jobs of my own.

I didn't leave my cousin just because of the money, but he usta screw my ass, at least once a day.

The first day I went to live with him, as soon as we got back from the court-house, he took me into his room. He told me to get my clothes off. He said he already bought a pig in a poke, so he was intending to poke it right away.

I didn't know what he meant, but he was a mean bastard, so I did what he said.

When I was naked, he sat down in a chair, and told me to come over to him. He turned me around, and told me to bend over. His hands were all over my ass. He pinched and squeezed, and poked his fingers over every inch, and then tried to stick a finger up my hole.

It hurt, and I jumped and yelled. He gave me a slapping around that I'll never forget----or forgive.

It was enough to convince me that I had better do whatever he wanted, without a whimper from me.

I heard him spit in his hand, and then I felt him rub his slimy saliva in the crack of my ass. His fingers were going up and down, until they stopped at my ass-hole.

I had no idea of why he would want to, but I knew he was going to stick them up my hole. And, that's exactly what he did.

They hurt like hell, but I didn't make a sound, or try to stop them; that beating was very effective.

I could tell he had two fingers up my ass-hole, because he spread them apart, and twisted them back and forth. And he was also pushing them in and out.

All of a sudden, he pulled them out, and yelled, "Hot damn! I got me my own private pussy!"

He stood up, and took off his clothes, then sat down again, and pulled me back to him.

He spit in his hand again, and rubbed it all over his



big cock, which was standing straight up, hard.

He picked me up by my waist, and sat me down on the head of his cock. It felt like I was sitting on a baseball. He started pushing me down, and it hurt like hell. I bit my lip to keep from screaming. I was squeezing my ass muscles so I wouldn't slip any lower. He grabbed a handful of my hair, and yanked my head back so hard I thought he'd break my neck. I kept myself from screaming, but my ass muscles loosened, and I dropped at least half-way down his cock. I thought I was ripped apart, but I still didn't make a sound. I probably could have shouted my lungs out then, and he wouldn't have heard it. He was yelling and cussing, and jumping up and down, plowing in and out of me a mile-a-minute, and just generally going crazy.

When he came, it got so slippery inside my ass, that I fell all the way down to his lap, but there was no extra pain. I guess an inch is as bad as a mile.

It never hurt again as bad as that first time, but it always hurt some, mainly----because that son-of-a-bitch never took it easy. He always just rammed it in, like a post-digger. And sometimes, he even forgot the spit. But since he usually plugged me right after we finished work, my ass was pretty slick with sweat.

When he was finished, he always pushed me off him, and acted like he couldn't stand the sight of me, but anytime I was in front of him, and I'd turn around fast, I'd catch his eyes, staring at my ass like they were trying to see right through my pants.

If I could've saved enough money to eventually get away from him, I'd've stayed, but, since that bastard took all my wages, I knew I'd run away as soon as I looked old enough to convince a farmer he wasn't gonna get arrested for hiring me.

I won't say it was out of the frying pan into the fire, because, at least, I was able to keep all my own wages, but life wasn't any easier.

The first farmer I applied to, must've guessed that I

was younger than I said, and that I was a run-a-way.

He made a lot of jokes about me being a runt, and puny. When I said I had solid muscles all over, he said, "Well, seeing's, believing. Go ahead, boy, and show them to me."

I rolled up my sleeve, and showed him my arm. He said that was just one muscle; he wanted to see them all. He told me to take off all my clothes.

I had an idea of what was coming, but I wasn't sure until after he felt my chest, and called them "tit-tys", he started squeezing my ass.

He spit on a finger, and shoved it up my hole, saying, "That's prime poon, boy! You're hired!"

He didn't undress. He just whipped out his dong, and rammed it up my butt. By this time I could probably take a horse at full gallop, but that don't mean it still didn't hurt. It hurt plenty, but I'd be damned before I'd let anyone know. I was sure they got their kicks from hurting me, so I wasn't going to add to their enjoyment.

It only took a few minutes for him to blow his wad, but he told me I'd have to see him every night after supper. Then he named a salary that was half of the going wage, and told me to take it or leave it.

I took it, and stayed in the house after supper that night. He took another three minute fuck, without taking any of his clothes off, although he had me strip down completely.

He didn't let me dress after it. He said I was just gonna go straight to bed, wasn't I? Then he led me out to the shack the hired hands slept in.

He told them to make the new boy feel right at





home, and tuck him into bed. The guys all laughed, then he left.

From the cracks about "pussy" and "poon", I guessed what was coming, but I didn't guess that it would be all five of them, twice each.

They were naked, or in shorts, and they must've been talking about something sexy, because a couple of them had hard-ons when I came in. In just a few minutes, all of them were hard, and the shorts disappeared.

They were calling me "sweetheart", and saying things like, "Lay down on your bed, sweetheart. We'll give the biggest one to you 'cause you're always gonna have a lot of company," and "Daddy's gonna watch over you all night, sweetheart."

They pushed me over to the one bed that was wider than the others, and held me, face down, in the middle. Two of them laid, half on each side of me, and the third got a jar of hair pomade. He rubbed it on his cock, and shoved it all the way in, like a bolt of

lightning.

The fourth one said he didn't want to wait, he'd shove it in the other door. He knelt on the bed by my head, and pushed his hard-on into my face. I turned away, and he said, "Aw, shit, that's the sissy way, anyhow. I'll wait my turn, but just for that I'm gonna have me two pieces."

I reckon that's what gave them all the idea of second helpings. That two-a-night schedule kept up for a few weeks, and then petered out to just one each.

I don't even remember if it still hurt me, because my mind went numb about it. It was just another chore I had to do each day.

In the meantime, I never left the farm, or spent a penny on anything. I saved every cent, so I could get away to the city. That doesn't mean I never had anything at all. After a while, the guys started bringing me presents, candy, cakes and pies, and, when my clothes started wearing thin, someone always bought me something to replace it.

I guess it was their way of telling me they liked me, but if only one of those bastards had ever said it in words, or showed it in feelings, I'd have forgiven them all, but they always treated me like something they had to have, and then despised me for it.

So, I accepted their presents, and wished for them to go to hell.

That's the way it went, until I left for the city. As soon as I got off the bus, I met my first friend. He was the first person who ever smiled at me, and said, "Hello."

I didn't know what to answer, so I just stood there, grinning at him. He kept asking me questions, like, where was I from, and I don't know if I answered them or not. I felt so good, my smile was tearing my face in half.

I remember him asking if I wanted to go home with him, and I know I said yes. I practically shook my

head off.

As soon as we got in his room, he kissed me. I had not been kissed since my folks died, and I'd never been kissed like *that* before. He didn't have to say he liked me. That kiss told it all.

He took my clothes off, and then asked me to take off his. All this time, he was kissing all over my body. When he asked me to do the same to him, I was happy to. He was such a beautiful person, there wasn't a part of him I wouldn't kiss.

He even asked *me* to fuck *him*! I never thought it would be possible, but I *wanted* him to fuck me, and, when he did, it was like nothing I'd ever felt before.

That day I found out what love is. I told him I wanted to live with him forever. He said we could give it a *try*.

I'm writing this on our tenth anniversary, and we still haven't even *had* to try. It just *is*!





SECOND CHOICE

This story was one of his strongest, catching up a character in a way that evoked both sympathy, realism, and sensuality. I did a later story using one of the same models in the photos which appeared originally with this, and tried to create the same sort of feeling, with a very different sort of story line. Some say that sympathy and sexual stimulation don't mix. I think Bascom has mixed them quite well.

When some people find out they're second choice, they freak out, like it meant they were the last choice on earth.

That is dumb, man, really----dumb. First choice usually isn't even a choice at all. Or, if it is, it's usually a blind one, with nothing to compare it with.

Just like life, man. You're born in a certain neighborhood, and, even if it's a lousy one, you don't think about getting out. You either try to become king-shit of the block, or you stay a schmuck, and hope that the king-shits leave you alone.

I was lucky. I was small, but wiry, and walked around looking tough, because I thought that's the way everybody looked.

The leader of the gang on my block, took a liking to me, and he figured I could be a help to them. They could easily lift me up, and shove me through a high, tiny window of a building they were planning on robbing, or, more often, vandalizing. I just had to open a door or window, the others could fit through, and then I could take off. They didn't think I was good for anything else.





I was glad, because I didn't like what they were doing. But I didn't dare complain, or refuse to do my part, or my short, unhappy life, would become shorter, and a lot unhappier.

They also used me for a decoy when they went shop-lifting. I was supposed to distract the clerk by asking about some items, or create a disturbance by "accidentally" knocking over a pile of stuff. I usually bought something for a nickel or a dime, and I'd tell the gang I "boosted" it, right under the clerk's nose.

What was really, dumb, man, was that they seldom stole anything they really wanted, and they usually just wrecked the things, and threw them away. They didn't seem to want to better themselves; they just wanted to take things away from others, and destroy them.

And for sex, man, you should see the pigs they stuck. Yeah, me too, or they would've turned on me. They never even tried to get

a half-way decent looking girl. That would mean they'd hafta act decent themselves, and even then stand a chance of being turned down. So, they only went after the raunchy ones, who would hang around asking for it.

Man, you could smell most of them a mile off, but the guys would parade them around like they were Ann-Margret. They'd brag about how many times a day they fucked them, and they'd try to screw them in front of as many of the gangs as they could.

It was crazy, man. Most of the guys were good-looking dudes, and you'd think they'd try to hide the fact that they even knew such pigs. But I had to fuck them too. I'd avoid it as long as I could, till the guys'd give me static about not being "one of them." So I'd finally do it, but it turned my stomach.

Well, that was my *first* choice in life and sex. But I figured that there had to be something better in both, so I set out to do something about it. I went to a little better neighborhood to look for a job.

I found one, as a stock boy in a stationery store. The starting salary seemed like a fortune to me, after having just scrounged for pennies at odd jobs. And the work wasn't nearly as tough.

One of the clerks, Shep, took a liking to me, right off. He was one good-looking dude, and, at first, I thought he'd be stuck up, but he was friendly and helpful to me, right off. He caught some mistakes I was about to make, before I made them, and I came up smelling like a rose.

After work, Shep asked me if I lived in the neighborhood. I told him I didn't, but that on my first payday I was going to try to find a place nearby. He invited me over to his apartment. He said the rent wasn't bad, and they might have a vacancy coming up. It was only two blocks from work, and I would save enough in carfare to help pay for it. And, besides, after

I looked around, we could take a dip in the pool.

That sounded great to me, but even more because of the offer of friendship from Shep.

I was filled to bursting with this



wonderful feeling inside, caused by Shep. It's hard to explain, man, but he's the kinda guy who touches you when he talks to you. He wraps his fist around your arm, or his arm across your shoulders. You just *know* he likes you.

When we got to his place, and walked into the yard, which was right in the middle of the building, I was freaked out. No rusty auto parts, broken bedsprings, and cracked toilets lying around, like I was used to. There were bright-colored chairs, and tables with umbrellas, and lots of air cushions all around this bright blue pool. I knew I couldn't afford a place like that in a million years, but, at least, I was gonna get to swim in that pool.

The building was only three stories high, and had an elevator. I was sure you had to be rich to live there. And Shep's apartment looked like a palace to me. Of course, I didn't have much to compare it with, but any place

with pictures on the walls, and furniture without the stuffing showing, was a palace to me.

He pulled out a couple of swim trunks that were smaller even than my underwear, and we got ready for the pool. We swam for almost an hour, then lay in the sun until we dried off. While we lay there, and talked, I kept my eyes closed. Something bothered me when I looked at Shep. I kept thinking of how beautiful he was, and how beautiful his body was, and I started to get a hard-on. It scared me shitless. I was worried that something was wrong with me, and, if I sprang a rod in those trunks, Shep would be able to

tell. I thought about some of the pigs I almost puked on, and that brought it back down.

And, just in time, too. Shep got up and said, "Let's go in and grab a bite to eat."

He rustled up a quick, but delicious meal, and we sat around his living room, still in our trunks. I was thumbing through a magazine that had some pictures of groovy naked studs, and I started to throw a rod again. At *studs!* But it got worse when I looked at Shep, sitting on the floor, reading a newspaper.

He suddenly said, "How'd you like to share this place with me? It's a hundred and twenty, so that



would make it only sixty apiece, and that includes utilities. You could pay me a little out of each pay-check until you catch up. You don't have to decide right now. Why don't you stay over tonight, and see if you like it?----I'd----I'd----really like you to...."

I thought my heart was going to stop, or tear itself out of my body. I was already dreading having to go back to my miserable neighborhood, and even more miserable home. I couldn't say anything then, my throat was choked up. He leaned back against my leg, and looked up at me.



There was only one way I could express myself. I kissed him!

When my lips touched his, he opened them, and snaked his tongue out. He pried my lips apart, but I opened my jaws by my own free will. His tongue licked the whole inside of my mouth, all over my teeth, and it started prodding my own tongue. It seemed like it was challenging my tongue to a duel. I accepted the challenge. My tongue took on a life of its own, and started practicing all the tricks it had just learned.

And, I don't know what got into my hands. They were rubbing all over his chest, squeezing his nipples, tingling from the sensational feel of his flesh.

Without breaking the kiss, Shep maneuvered us up to a standing clinch. I gasped, when his hand settled on my crotch, and almost came when he gave my cock a hard squeeze. He knelt down, and shoved his tongue in my navel, while he worked his hand into my trunks. My knees almost buckled when I felt his fingers wrap around my hard cock. They lightly slid back and forth, gradually increasing the pressure. My crotch was so steaming hot, that when he pulled my cock out into the cool air, it felt like an electric shock. But, that was nothing compared to how it felt when his warm mouth surrounded it.

He slipped my trunks down and pushed me back to the couch. It didn't take much of a push, I almost collapsed. Then he really went to work.

He ran his tongue all over my prick; he even held it and licked it like a lollipop. It was the first time I realized that a cock has different feelings, in different places. My favorite place was where the shaft meets the underside of the head. That's fireworks territory, man! And I skyrocketed!!! I grabbed Shep's hair, and pulled him as far down on my cock as he

could get, while I pumped barrels of cum down his throat.

That was the first time I ever came with a feeling of complete joy. No shame, like when I played with myself; and no revulsion, like when I fucked one of those pigs. This was----was----well, *beautiful!*

And, I wanted to do the same for Shep. The bulge in the front of his trunks looked appetizing as hell. And the zipper made it look twice as exciting. It looked like it was about to burst open.

I yanked it down, and his prick swung up and hit his belly, and his balls plopped right out. I didn't waste any time. I sank my



mouth down on his cock, like I'd done it every day of my life----and I wished I had. I knew I was going to, from that day on.

I had no trouble at all about knowing what to do. I knew what each section of a cock feels like, and what treatment would be best for it. And, the funniest thing is----whatever I was doing to Shep, my own cock felt like it was getting the same, by remote control. Wow! "Ground control to Major Tom!" Far fucking out!

I left off his prick for a taste of his balls, and then I wanted to go even farther, so I took off his trunks.

Shep had me lie down on the couch, and he straddled my face. While I was sucking his cock again, my own felt like it was being sucked, so realistically that I had to look. It wasn't "Major Tom" that time. It was "General" Shep. Christ, you couldn't find more perfect happiness than giving and receiving at the same time!

And, already, whole new vistas were opening up before me. To be more specific, a hole was opening up before me----Shep's hole, his ass-hole.

I just looked up, and a few inches from my eyes, was the first ass-hole I had ever seen----and, I'm sure, the most beautiful one in the world, 'cause it was Shep's.

I spread the cheeks to get a better look, and it moved even closer to my face. While examining that pulsating pink rosebud, my tongue started getting a hard-on. It was drawn to that hole, like a magnet. As it touched the entrance, my own ass-hole started twitching.

I was entering into another world. Not by force, although it was almost irresistible, but by choice. For the first time in my life I had a taste of beauty and love, and I was going to fight to hang on to it.

But now, if you'll excuse me, I was just about to....!





THE CRUISER

Different persons: and different tastes. The rule holds as true for Gays as for Hets. But not every taste is individual, really, though the individual may think so. People really do group into types, so that there are types of Gays who will predictably do one thing over and over, and other types who would never think of doing that thing.

Of all the Gay tastes, none is as pronounced as the taste for uniforms, and no uniforms are as widely prized as those of the military. Of all military uniforms, while those of the Navy may be the most fetching fit, none is as avidly sought after as those worn by the Marines. It isn't merely the material, and the cut (the Air Force is decidedly superior here), or the fit where the Navy has traditionally excelled, but rather the macho mystique symbolized by this, of all services, and behind the mystique, the earthy back-



ground of so many of the young men in the Corps.....

I am the Cruiser, and I know many men, for I stalk----by night---morning---afternoon---and by evening. Who knows what passion lurks in the hearts of Men? The Cruiser knows!

I earned my reputation honestly, and I work hard to maintain it. There isn't a street, alley, park or rest-room, that has escaped my scrutiny.

But I must admit that I had the advantages of the proper upbringing. I was raised on a Marine base.

With their almost-shaved heads----all Marines looked alike to me, until I started recognizing differences in the middle of their anatomies. My attention was first drawn to that area, when I noticed them lined up along the road outside the gate, hitching rides into town.

Most of them would rub their crotches whenever a car would approach, and the cars would seem to stop for the ones showing the biggest bulges.

I started concentrating on----crotches, and it got so that I was able to identify most of them more quickly that way, than from their faces.

Since half the time they would be facing away from me, it was inevitable that I would start making a study of asses. And, sure enough, they were as individual as finger-prints, no two alike.

Marines, as I discovered from later comparisons, without a doubt have the most beautiful asses in the world.

It must be their vigorous training, because they are bigger than the national average, but never wide, droopy, sloppy, bony, or flabby. They are always perfect hemispheres, jutting up proudly, staring up into an observer's eyes invitingly, yet with very subtle distinctions, that makes each one an original work of art.



Never ask a Marine if you can fuck him. Many will say, "No!" so convincingly that you might believe him, although most will remain noncommittal. None will ever say, "Yes." They believe it's unmanly to admit they like it.

Just fuck them, or *command* them to be fucked. They are so used to taking orders, they will obey, instantly. They will do their damndest to remain impassive outwardly, but the inner workings of their sphincter and rectal muscles, will give you the greatest fucks known to man.

Back to my childhood.... My father was a Major, and my mother had left him when I was a baby. He would assign various enlisted men to tutor me, and mainly, to keep me out of his way. They were supposed to have charge of me, but they did whatever I wanted them to do. After all, they had the easiest job on the base, and they might lose it, *or worse*. There was no telling what I might say to Daddy.

One of the first lessons I wanted to learn was what was under the pants that made those bulges, fore and aft. Originally, my interest was purely academic, but,

when I saw the tutor squirm (and practically writhe), I knew there was more to it than met the eye. While trying to talk me out of it, his front bulge would get bigger. When I put my hand on it, I felt it grow even more, and stiffen. He tried to object when I loosened his belt, and dropped his pants and shorts, but feebly. I soon learned to interpret the moans and groans, when I examined his raging hard-on. My pudgy hands were pulling, twisting, lifting, swinging and stroking that long, springy cock, until a jet of white liquid shot out, and hit me in the face. I told him he sprung a leak.

I wiped my face with some Kleenex, but I wasn't through exploring, yet. I turned him around. Two milk-white globes shimmered in front of me. I pushed and kneaded them. When I found that they reacted like bowls of jello, I slapped them to watch them bounce.

I tried to separate them to investigate the ditch between them----but he suddenly clenched them tightly together, trapping my hands.

The sweat allowed me to push my fingers all the way into the



crevice, and I slid them around, until I felt a small, spongy circle. I manipulated that with my fingers, until I felt the entire area loosen up. The cheeks were no longer hard and pushed together, and the circle developed a hole in the

middle.

I gradually pushed four fingers into the enlarging hole, and soon found that my thumb could join them. It took a bit of shoving but, when I got past the last knuckle, it shot in as if pulled by a



powerful vacuum cleaner. The circle tightened around my wrist, but it didn't prevent me from sliding my arm in, almost up to my elbow.

The inside of his ass had a wonderfully warm, soft feeling, and there were all sorts of spongy places that I pressed. Each time I did, I heard more moans from the tutor, and the muscles would squeeze tighter, and massage my hand.

A series of spasmodic jerks, told me something momentous was happening, and I looked around and saw that he had sprung another leak.

I pulled out my fist, and got some Kleenex to wipe up his dripping legs. I decided to taste the thick fluid, and I liked it, so I licked the rest of it off with my tongue, and that included what was smeared on his cock. For my trouble, I was rewarded with a fresh batch, shot directly down my throat.

That was the start of my active sex life. I must have been seven years old at the time. For the next ten years my sex life was completely centered on the base.

On my seventeenth birthday, Dad gave me a car. That broadened by horizons considerably. I high-tailed it into town. I didn't pick up any of the groping Marines, hitching along the way. I wanted a civilian piece of meat, preferably one that hadn't had a taste of military life yet.

I had been scanning the want ads for weeks, looking for a place to rent in town. I headed for the first one on my list. It was comfortable looking, and nicely furnished. I took it, spread around the few personal items I brought with me, and then ran out to my car, to start looking for someone to share my house-warming ceremony.

It didn't take long. Just two blocks away, stood a hitch-hiker,



with a tank-top and jeans, and a pair of the most beautiful lips I had ever seen.

"Whatcha up to?" I asked, as he got in the car.

"Oh! Nothing in particular. I cut school today. I couldn't stand being cooped up in that stuffy class-room all day."

"Could you stand being cooped up in my stuffy apartment, all day?"

"I thought you'd never ask!"

We were no sooner in the door when he pulled me up against him. Those gorgeous lips, plastered against mine and suctioned mine right into his mouth.

I led him over to the love-seat, where we did an encore. Those rubbery lips were giving me agonies of anticipation. I imagined them giving every part of my body the action they were giving my mouth. His lips worked externally, while his tongue was doing unimaginable things to my insides.

My hand reached for his groin. I groped, until he started to harden, then unzipped his jeans and pulled out his cock. He ripped my shirt off, and I made a dive for his crotch. I barely started sucking, when he became anxious to reciprocate.

He pulled off his tank-top, and opened my pants. His lips and tongue worked over my nipples, down my chest and belly, to my pubic hair. He tickled the head of my cock with his tongue, until I was going out of my mind. Then he plunged all the way down. After a few strokes, he stopped to take off his pants. I did the same.

I climbed up on the love-seat, so he would have a comfortable place to sit, while he was sucking me. From over the top of his head, I could see his luscious ass-cheeks, spread apart by his squatting position, as he finished my blow job.

After licking me clean of my cum, he nestled back into the seat. I settled myself between his wide-spread legs. I started, by licking his massive balls. They were super-sensitive. They jerked at just the slightest touch, and

caused his prick to grow bigger, and harder. I thought the mushroom head would explode into a mushroom-shaped cloud. It was the most enticing cock I had ever seen, but soon it was out of sight ----sliding past my tonsils.

I maneuvered Bill (yes, we got around to introductions), onto the arm of the love-seat, and I laid with my head under him. I sucked his balls again, and then went back to his cock.

My prick was up again, and Bill quickly got the message. He leaned over, and we almost sixty-nined ourselves to death.

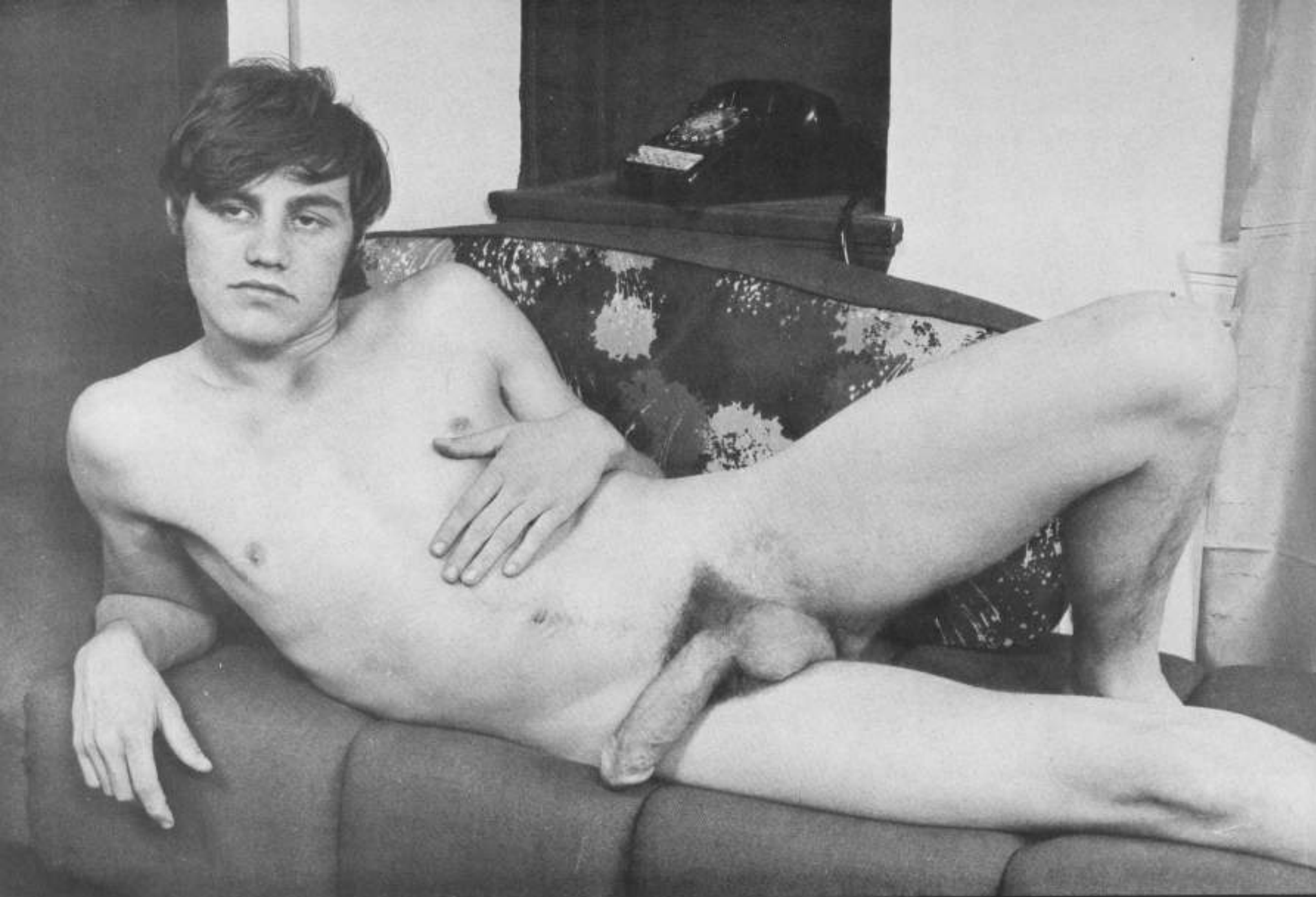
We rested up by jacking each other off, and then we were refreshed, and ready for the next round.

He got over me in a sixty-nine position again, and while he sucked me, I washed his balls and cock, and then ran my tongue up to his ass-hole.

This brought him to new heights of excitement. He jumped up, and threw himself over the back of the couch, exposing his ass-hole to the elements----and me.

I pried that hairy furrow wide





apart, and slicked it all down with lots of spit. I gave a few tentative prods with my finger, and found that it was as ripe as it would ever get.

I placed him in a kneeling position, and stood behind him. He held his cheeks apart as I entered. I paused, until I felt the all-systems-go signal, and then I lunged. Sweet heaven! The millennium is here! I pulled it all the way out, several times, and never missed the target on the return voyage. It was the first time I ever heard anyone beg me to fuck him, harder, harder. I was in paradise. Those Marines don't know what they're missing, by not admitting they like being fucked. Showing they liked it, raises the passion level of the fucker, and fuckee alike, and results in fuckings worthy of the Hall of Fame.

Bill and I fucked, sucked, rim-

med, sixty-nined, and jacked off, on top of, inside of, or under every piece of furniture in the apartment.

It was a house-warming I'll never forget, and Bill will always have a place in my heart, and in my bed.

Now, that I have a base of operations, look out, world!

Here comes The Cruiser!

After that successful inauguration of my new Cruiser headquarters, I drove Bill back to his school. He had an afternoon date with the captain of the football team.

His farewell pat on my crotch, brought me back to the brink again, hot for immediate action.

I didn't have to wait. I no sooner turned the car around, when I spotted a husky guy, with his thumb out.

"How far do you go?"----me.

"All the way!"----him.

And, sure enough, we were going "all the way" to my pad, with the jock's hand on my jock.

"All the way, any way," said Jim. "Alone or in crowds."

That last, sounded like a prophecy----there, coming into view, was a dude, with a motorcycle helmet under his arm, hitching a ride.

"Here comes the crowd," I said, braking my Cruise-mobile.

"Lose something, man?" I asked.

"Yop. My bike conked out, and that garage feller said he couldn't get it fixed till tomorrow. I'm gonna hafta stay in town overnight. He told me there's a 'Y' down the road a piece. I'm much obliged to you fellers for giving me a lift. Name's Steve."

"Save your money, Steve. I'm putting up my old buddy, Jim,

here for the night. There'll be plenty of bed left for you, if you don't mind getting squeezed a mite."

"That's mighty hospitable of you fellers. Heck, I come from a family so large, Paw usta say we had to ration the beds----only one to each dozen kids. And I always say I joined the Army for the luxury of sleeping only twenty-two to a room.

"You all could prob'ly squeeze me any danged place, and I wouldn't even feel it."

Jim muttered, under his breath, "I don't know if that sounds promising or not."

"Welcome to your home away from the 'Y', I said, as we pulled into the carport.

As soon as we entered the apartment, Steve asked, "Mind if I strip down, and get comfortable? Don't like to loaf in my

Sunday best."

"Go ahead, and do your thing, man. We're going to do ours," I said, as I grabbed Jim, and pulled him into a tight embrace.

We kissed, and ran our hands up and down each other's bodies.

Steve kept right on stripping to his jockey shorts, while Jim was groping my crotch.

"Say, you fellers must be a couple of those cock-suckers I heard about!"

"I hope it doesn't upset you, Steve," I said. "But this is our thing, and we intend to keep right on doing it. You can go in the other room, if you don't want to watch or join us."

"Heck, I ain't upset none. Paw always said, 'Don't knock nothing you ain't tried. And if you try it, and don't like it, just don't do it again, but still don't knock it.'"

"Dang, but this looks like as good a time as any to try it. That is, if you fellers don't mind my interfering."

"Jump right into the middle of it, Stevie, baby. If you see what you want, it's yours."

Jim's cock was unoccupied, at the moment, so Steve dropped to his knees, and felt around his crotch, familiarizing himself with the territory.

When he located the cock, which was becoming a bigger target all the time, he opened the fly, and pulled it out. He examined it, at close range, while comparing it with his own, by feeling it through his shorts.

Finished with the tactile, and visual explorations, he decided to give it the taste test. He nibbled it gingerly, like a wine-taster.

By that time, Jim had my shirt off, and my pants part the way down, and was going to town on my prick.

Steve watched for five seconds, and then went back down on Jim, with what looked like five years of experience. He sure was a fast learner. In that, and in ev-

everything that followed.

Jim licked my balls, Steve licked Jim's balls, with almost as much technique. His curiosity and enthusiasm was catching----I began to remember some of the joy of discovery of my first times. Initiating a neophyte is like regaining your virginity, and experiencing the fun of losing it again.

By this time, Jim and I were completely bare. He was spraddled on the love-seat, with Steve beneath him, on the carpet, sucking his dangling balls.

I climbed up on the arm of the couch to shove my cock into Jim's mouth. Steve pulled his meat out, through the opening in his shorts, and returned to sucking Jim's pud. I leaned over, and nudged him away for a moment, while I sixty-nined with Jim.

But that was merely a stop-over. I continued climbing for-





ward, until I could suck on Steve's whopper, which placed my ass smack in Jim's face--- which is a nice place to be. Jim's educated tongue taught me a few lessons that I never realized I hadn't yet learned.

Ever restless for more variety, we shifted positions. I sat on the love-seat, Jim lay on the floor, and sucked me, while Steve stood up, and shoved his ram-rod down my gullet. He was raring to cum, so I slowed him down, by detouring my tongue around his balls, until I felt he had subsided to below the boiling point. That impetuous youth pushed my back down onto the seat, which snapped my cock out of Jim's mouth, and into his.

He sucked with such vigor, that, at the first touch of Jim's tongue on my balls, I shot a

fountain of milk into Steve, and all over the three of us.

Jim flopped on the couch, and pulled me over him, to lick me clean. Having nothing better to do, at the moment, I rounded us into a sixty-nine. I felt my ass-cheeks being separated, and knew that Steve was about to try another newly learned skill. He licked my butt all over, concentrating on that no-man's-land between the balls, and the ass-hole. His tongue became a steel spear, as he pierced the opening, and wedged his way inward. Give him an "E" for "effort" Give him an "A", for "Ass-hole Licker Extraordinaire"!

Jim must have had ants in his pants. He suddenly stood up on the couch. I kneeled to keep his cock in my mouth, and Steve's tongue up my ass. Then Jim quixotically jumped out from in front of me, and I fell over the back of the couch. He sat on the floor and, leaning back, took my cock in his mouth. Steve's tongue, again found my ass-hole, like radar, and I could have stayed like that, forever.

But Steve wanted another crack at my cock. He raised me to a standing position, and sucked my meat, while he straddled Jim, who filled his recent vacancy with Steve's whang.

Steve stopped sucking my cock, and licked a trail up my torso to my nipples, which he investigated thoroughly, with his tongue and lips. Then he looked up at me, and asked if there was anything else that guys do together that we could teach him.

"Anything?" I asked.

"Everything!" he answered. "How can I tell if I'll like it if I don't try it? If I don't like it, I just won't do it a second time."

I laughed. "Then you must have liked everything you've learned so far, because we're on the third round."

I stepped off the love-seat and,

straddling Jim, I moved into position behind Steve.

Jim put my cock in his mouth, along-side Steve's, and slicked it up good, for what he knew was coming next.

I felt a great affection for Steve at that moment, and he must have felt the same, for just then, he turned, and kissed me.

I added a big glob of spit to his ass-hole, and very gently inserted the head of my prick. I paused, until I could feel the sphincter relaxing. Then, as slowly as possible, I eased in inch by inch, frequently waiting for a sign from him that he was ready for more.

When I was three quarters in, he turned and said. "If you don't shove the rest of that in, in a hurry, I'm gonna go out of my cotton-picking mind!"

And, with that, he rammed his ass back into my groin, and mission (phase one), was accomplished. He started rotating his

hips in frantic circles, and his ass muscles were beating a tattoo on my whang. I was too stunned to move.

He gasped, "Whatever you're supposed to do, you'd better do it quick! I'm having a hard time trying to keep from cumming!"

When he first asked me to hurry, I thought it was because he was in pain, but then I realized, he was in ecstasy and was about to blow his body, as well as his mind. I hauled off, and gave him a ramming he would never forget. Nor, for that matter, would I.

Jim had all he could do, to just hold Steve's cock in his mouth, so that wonderful farm-boy--- would have the double treat of his life.

"I'm cumming! I'm cumming! I'm going! I'm flipping! I don't know *what* I'm doing! AAAAAA AAAAAA ---- IIIIIIII ---- EEEEEEE ---- OOOOOO ---- WWWWW!!!!"

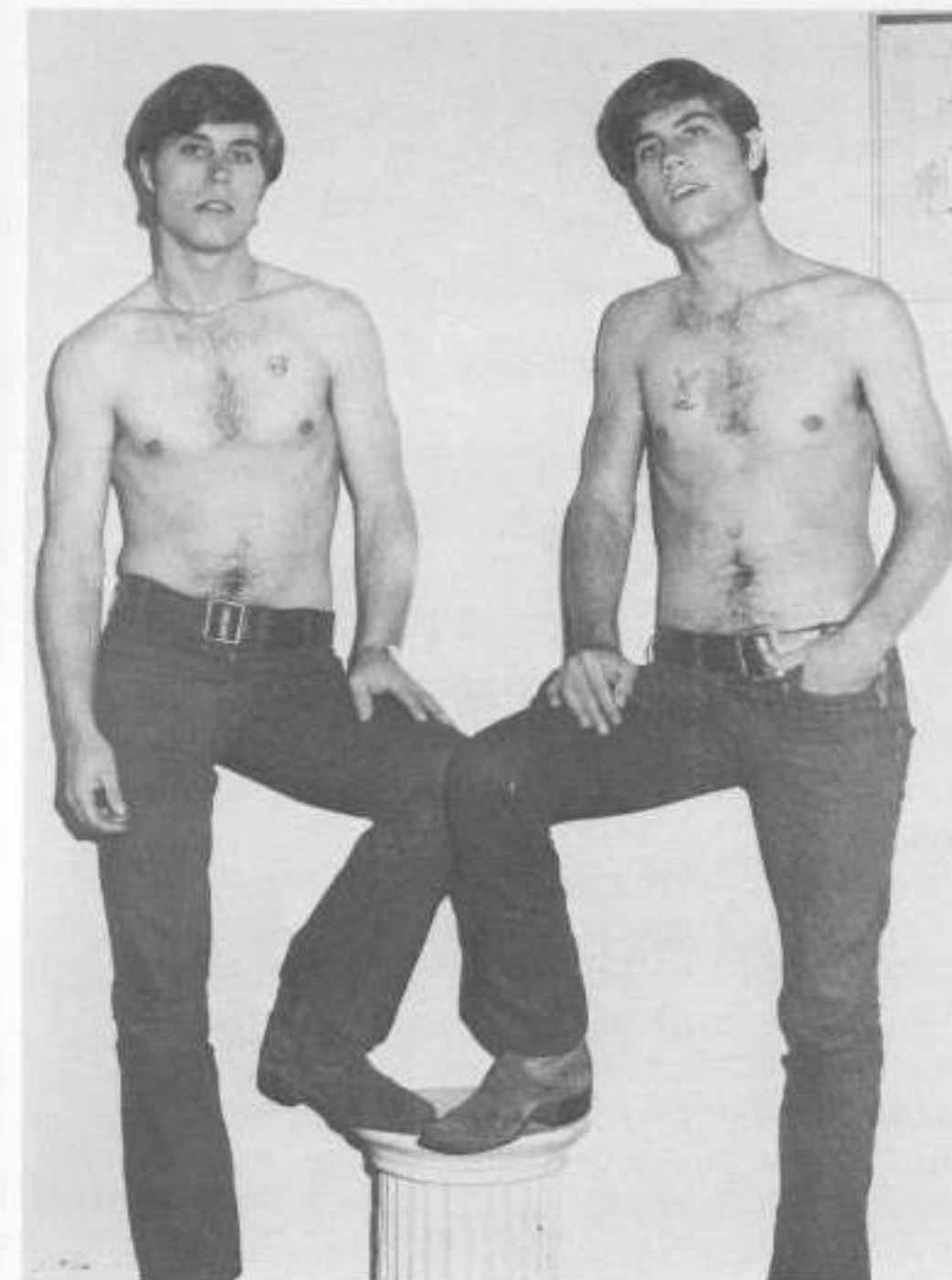
We planned on giving Steve a



well-deserved rest, but he had other ideas. A brief daisy chain, to lick each other clean, and then he wanted to try his wings (or whang, that is), in Jim's ass. A quick cum there, and he wanted me to fuck him again, while he sixty-nined with Jim.

Even the shower, afterward, turned into an orgy, and, when we finally got into bed, there was no crowding problem at all. In fact, there was lots of room left over, on the mattress. It was the ceiling we had to worry about.

We spent most of the night piled three deep!



THE BEGINNING OF PASSION WEEK

There is a great sensual charge in the idea of overcoming resistance, and some of the heaviest resistance to the expression of Gay love for many, is the holding of religious beliefs which are given an anti-Gay interpretation. But what Bascom has sensed here, is that the religious spirit, aside from the damage done by Puritanism, has its own glory, and the realization of that glory can often be achieved in sexual expression....

I had arrived in Hollywood late one night from Cheyenne, and settled myself in the Wilcox Home Apartments. My pad wasn't one of those fancy modern apartments, but it did have a real homey atmosphere. To make it even more like home, I put around some pictures and posters I had brought with me.

I came to Hollywood to do some fancy-tricky stunts, for a Western flick. Actually, I do rodeos, and other western shows, but the money the studio had offered me was better than I'd have been able to make in some time on the road. I knew they'd get their moneys-worth out of me. When I perform---no matter what---I'm GOOD!

Late the next morning, I got up, spruced this body of mine, and put on my Stetson. Walking down Hollywood Boulevard, I didn't even look down at the stars on the sidewalk, that is, until after I had glanced at a few; I didn't want to look like I had just arrived, or was just a gawky tourist.

Those Jesus freaks introduced themselves right away, because they approached me, and one of them handed me one of their printed papers. After glancing at it, I crumpled it into a wad. Hell! I didn't come out here days earlier, just to get some religion! I had already spent two years in a seminary; I came to cruise the Boulevard. Anyway, I stopped at Chuckwagon Pete's for some late breakfast.

As I left the restaurant, some more of the Jesus freaks tried to pass on their religion to me, but I just shook my head at them, and walked on.

It was right at the corner of Cherokee that another group of Jesus freaks were passing by. One of them approached me and, for some strange reason, I decided to take what he handed me.

I noticed his beautiful eyes immediately, and I couldn't stop myself from looking at him, because his

eyes reminded me of the colt I had when I was a kid, and I remembered the happiness he gave me each and every time I buggered him. El Lobo's cock was the first cock my lips ever went around, and I knew that he liked that! I even taught El Lobo to slurp on my young, growing cock, and it was him who made me shoot out that silky, sticky, first load.

Anyway, this Jesus freak made my spur stir beneath my tight denims.

I didn't hear a word he was saying, but nodded from time to time. I just knew I had to corral this young stud-colt, and saddle-ride him.

"Would you be interested, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, but I don't have the time now. I'm late for an appointment. Could you come later to my pad----say about 7:00 this evening, and then we can talk more about Jesus?"

"Yes, sir," he smiled.

Evidently, I had said the right thing. I jotted the address for him on one of the pieces of blank paper I usually carry with me.

"My name's Gary," I said. "What's yours?"

"Mel." He smiled again.

"Okay, Mel. Then later. I'm anxious to talk more to you about Jesus." And I cruised up the Boulevard, with a big grin on my face, knowing that, somehow, I was going to bed with this cute Jesus freak!



When he came to my pad, I listened, not-listening, for awhile. I studied his face, and, when I thought that he was fully relaxed, not even a bit nervous like when he first came in, I knew it was time to put the bridle on him.

"How about a glass of Red Mountain, Mel?"

"Thanks, no. I don't drink," he said. "That's an evil I avoid."

"Evil?" I acted surprised. "It couldn't be an evil, Mel. Not if Jesus drank it. And he sure did drink wine. Why----at the Last Supper, didn't he take wine, and say it was his blood?"

"Yes, but that was for sacrificial reasons. It's a sacred thing, for worship."

"But, Mel----this is a sacred time. Aren't you worshipping Jesus right now, while you're talking about him? Drinking wine, in commemoration, will bless our meeting."

"Maybe you're right," he finally said.

I knew that I had succeeded in slipping the bridle on him. Now, with careful handling, I should be able to steer him down the right path----my path!

Later, while we talked about Jesus, he finished his Red Mountain. I saw that the wine was already taking effect, and began pouring more, when he mentioned he didn't want any more.

"A little more wine, will make our meeting more sacred," I said, as I filled the glass. "It will bring you closer to Jesus. And, like your tattoo says: Jesus saves."

He was either very naive or....? Because he gulped down that second glass.

A bit later, I walked over to him, and said: "Mel, I'm beginning to love you, just like Jesus loved John." And I bent over, and kissed his full sensuous lips, lightly.

"That was very Christian-like of you," he smiled, and placed his hand around my neck, pulling me down, kissing me in an un-Christian-like way----frenching my mouth and throat, for a very long, long time.

I wondered who had put the bridle on who!

Mel took the greatest pleasure in undressing me. After we were both naked, he genuflected on one knee, and laid his hands over on my hard body, time and time again, telling me he liked firm, hard flesh, as his eyes dropped down to my naked spur.

"Sacred moments should last an eternity," he smiled at me, "but I want to cum-union with you." And, grinning widely, he spelled out the "cum-union" for me, as his tender tongue of fire came down the head and shaft of my spur. His tongue was, actually, a gift of tongues, because it was many tongues, in its skilled and rapid movements, bringing me up to ecstasies I had never known before. When I came, it was like I was transfigured, because the brightest light flashed all over my body----a light that I felt!

"I like the touch of you," Mel said, as he continued



to run his fingers over my skin.

His devotions on my body with his fingers, even probed the mysteries of my ass-hole, stirring up my spur again.

After I straddled the bed, I put him astride my stomach, moving him down, until his balls slid over the length of my spur. He took up the motion himself, back and forth, while my hands rubbed his tits to a state of erection.

"It's time you entered my tabernacle," he said, solemnly to my cock, and, turning to me, he winked.

He sat down on my spur, riding it, while I made like a bucking bronco!

After my second coming, with an even more intense light-show than the first, I decided it was time I offered him my ass-hole. He straddled the bed, and, as I got into position, he gave me the happiest grin, saying: "You've got the holiest rod I've ever had in my tabernacle."

I was soon in the saddle, but kind of reversed, be-

cause this colt gave me the ride of my life! His spur wasn't anything like the size of mine, but he was expert in applying it, knowing when to dig in, and when to ease out. We galloped away on the mattress, like the Horseman on the White Steed of the Apocalypse.

Later, we just lay on the bed, sharing one kiss of piece for a long time, breathing life into each other!

And after, with his ministering mouth, he ate my body. Tenderly----Slowly----Entirely! And, when I came that third time, all over him, as Mel jacked me off, I could have sworn I heard thousands of Sanctus bells ring in my head!

He rested his head on my thigh, and, looking up at me, said: "Now you've annointed me with your chrism, and I am blessed and in peace. Sex with you has been the greatest spiritual experience of my life!"

Winking at him, I smiled: "Today has to be the beginning of Passion Week."

And my beloved fell asleep on my thigh, his breath gentle, on my cockhead.



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